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Saturday Review

JULY 7, 1962 / 25¢

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BY JOHN LEAR

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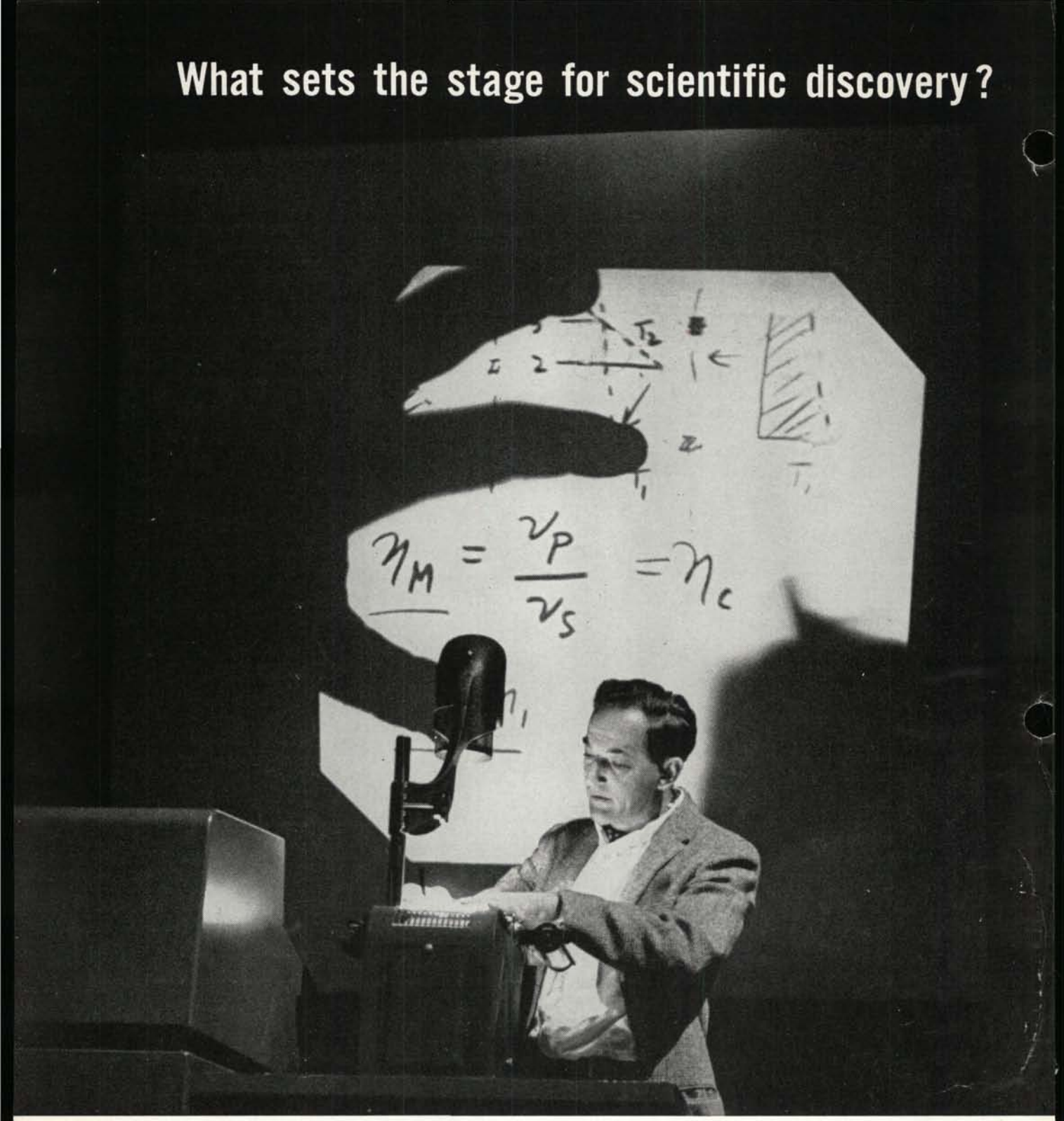

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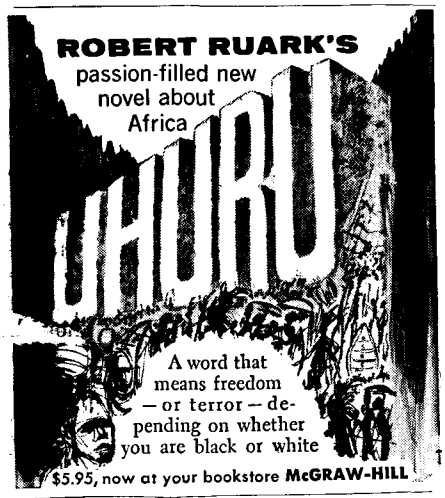

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One characteristic of this season (and many others) seems to be that publishers are publishing other publishers. The house of Harper and Row has just brought out, with understandable pride, the novel by Atheneum partner-editor Hiram Haydn. *The Hands of Esau* is a selection of Doubleday's Literary Guild.

Doubleday itself is basking in the warmth of reviews for Frank Swinnerton's *Death of a Highbrow*. *New York Times* reviewer Orville Prescott swept up many of the season's best books to praise Mr. Swinnerton's in equal terms, as "dazzling literary craftsmanship."

Swinnerton is a senior man of letters. Now nearly 78, he has been a prominent editor in England. Among other things, he wrote as "John O'London" in the weekly of that name, and now does "A Word from London" for this country's *Publishers' Weekly*. His book trade journalism is first rate: newsy, urbane, fair, lined with wit. He will deal with rumor but not gossip.

Death of a Highbrow, as Prescott says, is not only "a brilliant study of the mind and life" of a successful poet and critic (and his long duel with another literary figure) but "an engrossing narrative," full of drama. Swinnerton's style grows out of a deep-seated literacy. To those of us who beat at the language like natives doing laundry on flat stones in the river, his style is so graceful as to be irritating.

Businessmen in other industries might find the practice of publishers publishing publishers cozy or curious. But it is only good publishing when the novels are as fine, in their separate ways, as Mr. Haydn's and Mr. Swinnerton's.

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

Death of a Highbrow ($4.50) is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, New York. Copies may be obtained from your own bookseller or from any of the 30 Doubleday bookshops, one of which is located at 19190 Livernois Ave., Detroit 21, Mich.

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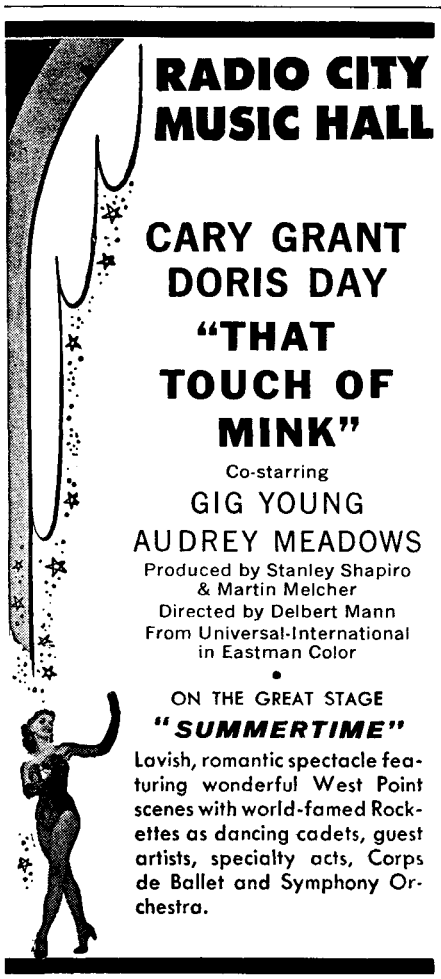
FIRST OF THE MONTH

By CLEVELAND AMORY

TO MANY people June was the longest month in the year—particularly down in Wall Street among the nation's formerly happy "stuckholders." The idea, apparently, was to grin and bear it—but the fact remained that almost everybody we knew had just about half what he had two months ago. On an individual basis the results were by no means confined to fly-by-nighters like the Eddie Gilberts and the Jacques Sarlies. "I've lost," Huntington Hartford told us thoughtfully, "about ten million." For ourselves, right after the President's let's-be-friends-with-business speech at Yale, we hustled over to the Harvard Club to make friends—and have a chess game—with the country's Stuckholder No. 1, the octogenarian multimillionaire Richard Lounsbery. "I've lost," he told us, "a million and a half in one stock alone." Lounsbery is far from pro-Kennedy. "If the Kennedys are after bigness," he told us, "I don't see why they don't start with themselves—they're the biggest thing there is except Outer Space, and I wouldn't bet on that."



Nevertheless, he didn't think any one thing or even one group was responsible. "People are always buying stocks when things are booming," he said. "When things are going that well, they can't get much better, but they can sure get worse. I remember when I was a kid we were always going through panics. I used to go out and play golf. I played for thirty years, you know, and never lost a ball."

• • •

We did meet one person during the month who wasn't affected by the market at all. Her name is Johnnie Lee Macfadden, authoress of "Barefoot in Eden." A score of years ago, she married the late Bernarr Macfadden at a time when he was seventy-five. "Dearie," she told us, "Bernarr was ahead of his time in *everything*. He *never* believed in the stock market. He never put a cent in it." But what, we asked her, did he do instead? "Honey," she told us, whispering, "he *buried* it." Where? we whispered back eagerly. "Dearie," she shook her head, "how would *I* know? The *last* person he would ever have told would be one of his *wives*. Bernarr never believed in telling his wives *anything* about money." As if this weren't enough, Mrs. Macfadden went on to tell us that her husband had buried at least $4,000,000 and that one day last spring, out in Jericho, Long Island, a bulldozer ran into $250,000 of it in cash. Unhappily, Mrs. Macfadden doesn't have any of it yet. "I've got to prove it by Bernarr's fingerprints," she told us. "Fingerprints on money are very difficult, but there'll be more, you'll see. Wherever we would go, at one of his resorts, in California, New York, New Jersey, wherever, he would take walks and he always took along a little duck bag. Usually he would say, 'You don't want to walk any farther, do you? You rest here.' Then he would go out of sight and when he came back that duck bag was empty and he had a devilish look on his face and I knew he had buried some more money." When we said goodbye to Mrs. Macfadden, she suggested we start digging near the Palisades in New Jersey. "Or in Florida," she added. "There you can dig almost *anywhere*."

• • •

We apologize to the many fans of the late Owen Wister for confusing "The Virginian" Mister Wister with "The Crisis" Mister Winston—not to mention the Hon. Sir Winston. Among those we heard from was the son of the American Mr. Winston—Creighton Churchill. Elsewhere on the personality front last month, the big news was Mr. Walter Winchell, who not only turned off Kennedy but *on*, of all people, Bo Belinsky, a pitcher for the Los Angeles Angels. ("I'd resign," Winchell said, "if I could find some responsible official to hand my resignation to.") For our own part, we attended the annual meeting of the New York chapter of the Red Sox Royal Rooters Club. Over the protests of some, the meeting was held in J & J's Cellar. ("The wrong place to meet," Chairman Dick Durrell admitted.) In any case, we attended in black tie. "Mourning, I presume," John Smith greeted us. "That's my real name," he added. "We use real names here." The Royal Red Sox Rooters, we were informed by historian Stan Warren of the Muzak Corporation, do not necessarily have to love the Red Sox all the time. ("After all," Warren said, "we've won only once in forty-four years"), but they have to hate the Yankees.

Early at the Rooters' meeting the Cleveland Indians came in for high praise, and duly noted was the typical Yankee sportsmanship of Pitcher Bill Stafford who was fined $50 for throwing bean balls at the Indians. Then the membership got down to the real business of the meeting—watching a movie of Ted Williams hitting ("He's our Mohammed," Ted Jadick of Canon Mills told us), and, last but not least, giving the annual "Scrub One Award" to the worst player who ever wore a Red Sox uniform. Joe King announced the award. "I think," he said, "the Red Sox have had a glorious past [illegible] I think they will have at least so[illegible] future. I am, however, reluctant to describe their present." Finally, after spirited debate concerning the demerits of Maurice McDermott ("But how could sing!"; Billy Consolo ("Was he, or was he not, an undercover agent for the Yankees?"); Ford Garrison ("Fearful of the fences, he was nonetheless invariably paralyzed by short pops"); and Denny Galehouse ("The wrong man in the wrong place at the wrong time"), the winner turned out to be shortstop Don Buddin ("Even in Houston, they boo him every time he comes on the field, and he did more consistent harm for a longer period of time than any other player"). The meeting closed with a stirring rendition, on the part of the bartender, of the Royal Rooters' theme song: "*He's - better - 'n - his - brudder - Jo - is - Do - min - ic - Di - Mag - gi - o!*" "Would you believe it?" the bartender told us, "I lost $600 on the 1952 Sox team." Who to? we asked. "I dunno," he said, "some Protestant bastard who just walked in here."

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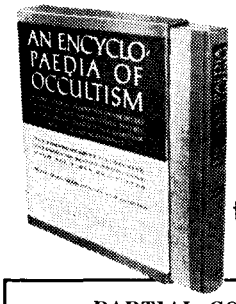

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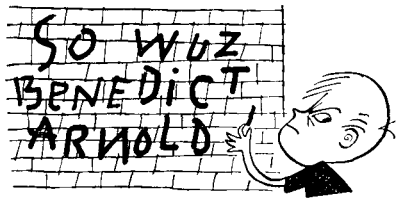
HUMAN COMMUNICATION is taking many forms these days. Out in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, for example, Mrs. Annemarie Christiansen is able to report that public scrawling has developed a more interesting side. On a concrete wall she observed in foot-high letters the legend: HESTER WAS FRAMED.



ALL COMMUNICATION, of course, is filtered through the senses, and Atheneum is seeing to it that we learn more about our sensory equipment through Lorus and Margery Milne's recent publication, "The Senses of Animals and Men." In it we discover that, at 1,250 feet, human beings can see a mouse. But a hawk, perhaps more commercially minded than we, can see a dime. What's more, a male Chinese silkworm moth will fly upwind seven miles on the fragrant track of a female, while the human male is more content to stand outside the corner drugstore.

NOTHING CAN BE MORE FRUSTRATING to a communicator than to lose his voice. Stanley Warren, whose job is to communicate the virtues of Muzak to the general public, has lost his, and has taken to carrying on voluminous conversations by means of feverish scribblings. This has led to all kinds of witticisms. One friend who was standing by while Mr. Warren was writing notes to a third party asked: "Do you mind if I listen over your shoulder?" Another friend remarked: "Yes—I see you loud and clear." Still another muttered: "You're a nice guy, but I don't like the sound of your handwriting."

During a particularly heated exchange, a recipient of the conversational notes said: "Calm down. You don't need to write everything in italics." But the zenith of this method of communication was reached when a note read: "Stop me if you've heard this one."

The listener reached over, crossed off "heard," and inserted "seen."

WALT KELLY AND HIS POGO have consistently done a magnificent job communicating through pictures, even though the English-language Tokyo *Evening News* has suspended Pogo because of a Soviet protest that a current pig in it somewhat resembles a Russian statesman. Mr. Kelly is going ahead with his new book, "Instant Pogo," which Simon and Schuster is issuing in September. At the present time, Mr. Kelly is fruitfully represented in the bookstalls with Pogo's "Jack Acid Society Black Book."

Kelly communicates his position with the statement: "I am against all extremes. The extreme right, the extreme left, and the extreme middle."

POST OFFICES of every country are nearly always masters of communication. If any proof is needed of this, Doubleday can furnish it with a letter it received from the Netherlands addressed in this way: Leslie Chareris Author of "Saint" Books/Presumably U.S.A., America.

COMMUNICATION IN OUTER SPACE is now something to be acknowledged. With scientists tuned in by radio to distant galaxies, and with the possibility of life on other spheres being seriously considered, Paul Krassner's saucy periodical *The Realist* gets right down to basics in a recent article. The title: "Is There Sex Life in Outer Space?"

SOME LIBRARIANS are still having trouble with the communications problem. From Syracuse, E. H. Ketchledge of the State College of Forestry reports that his twelve-year-old daughter went to the library to look over the animal-story bookshelf, and came home with George Orwell's "Animal Farm." From Mount Wilson, Maryland, Norris Erb reports a visit to a library where he found Havelock Ellis's "The Dance of Life" on the how-to shelf of "Games and Sports." From Akron, Ohio, Dr. Alva Cox found a copy of Richard Nixon's "Six Crises" reposing on the shelf of "Current Fiction." From Dunn Loring, Virginia, Robert Eichberg swears he looked on a reference shelf for books on moths and butterflies and found a book called: "Advice to Young Mothers." He also swears that he was preparing to interview Mrs. Andre

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Kostelanetz, and asked a librarian where he could find some material on Lily Pons. He was referred to Landscape Gardening.

For the most part, however, librarians are a long-suffering group, who communicate well to a public which sometimes fails to appreciate them.

IN CASE YOU'VE BEEN WONDERING how sailors communicate with each other, your worries are over. Andre Deutsch Ltd., of London, is just issuing "A Dictionary of Sailor's Slang" as part of its Language Library, under the general editorship of Eric Partridge. A "barnacle," you might be surprised to discover, is not what it seems to be. It's a naval officer who clings to a soft job to the envy of his juniors; a "bottle bumper" is really a bird; a "galley downhaul" is absolutely nonexistent and the subject of many a wild goose chase; a "ginger beer" has nothing whatever to do with a beverage—it's a naval engineer.

FROM NEW ROCHELLE, Donald M. Brown would like to communicate with the world in general about a grave injustice being done to a historic American writer. He is so vexed over the situation that he has started The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to the Orthography of the Name of Edgar Al-A-n Poe. He has issued a flyer and is acting as Membership Chairman and Committee of One to Get the Poe Thing Straightened Out.

ABELARD-SCHUMAN, the publishers, are seeing to it that John F. Kennedy's quotable quotes are being communicated to the country through Gerald C. Gardner's new book "The Quotable Mr. Kennedy." One quote which can't fail to be communicated is the President's statement to a $50-a-plate gathering. "I could say I am deeply touched," said the President, "but not as deeply touched as you have been in coming to this luncheon."

—John G. Fuller.

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Saturday Review

JULY 7, 1962

ARTISTS, CONSCIENCE, AND CENSORS

By MALCOLM COWLEY

AUTHORS are quite as moral as anyone else—censors included—if in a different fashion. There is a rather stern code that is supposed to govern literary conduct, or at least the conduct of those who regard themselves as dedicated men of letters. But the code is difficult for laymen to understand, since it leads to moral judgments of a special type.

Often these are strikingly different from the judgments passed, for example, by ladies over a bridge table. I know a distinguished playwright who is often praised by her bridge partners, but condemned by most of her literary colleagues, for taking such good care of her mother. "She should put her in a home," one of the colleagues said, "and get back to work on a play. Another good one from her would be worth any number of aged parents." I have heard more than one poet condemned for being a good citizen, on the ground that by living respectably he was putting blinders on his imagination. The comparative failure of a gifted novelist was explained to me by one of his rivals as the result of his having stayed married to a saintly woman. "Why didn't he leave her," the other novelist asked, "as soon as he found out that she was interfering with his work?" In the author's code of morals, "work" is always a verb in the imperative mood, even when it seems to be a noun. A merely human relationship should be broken off if it keeps one from working.

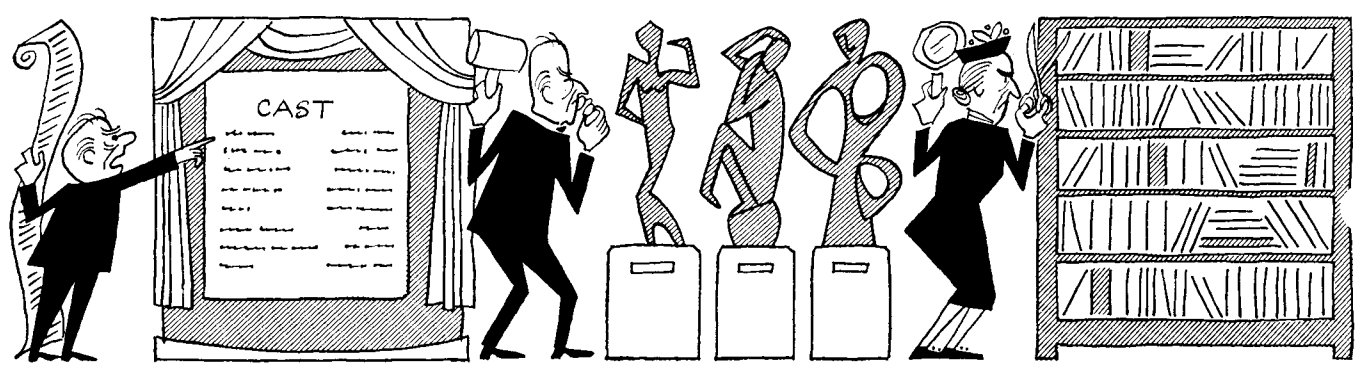
On the other hand—to choose an example from the past—Hawthorne is thought to have shown moral courage when he refrained from working because he felt that his mind had lost its temper and its fine edge. "I have an instinct," he said in a letter to his publisher, "that I had better keep quiet. Perhaps I shall have a new spirit of vigor if I wait quietly for it; perhaps not." Shortly before writing the letter Hawthorne had lost his little fortune through entrusting it to a friend. He wanted to provide for his family. That shouldn't have been an insoluble problem, since he had already earned his reputation and since any new novel of his, good or bad, would have had a wide sale. Lately he had started three different novels, and the last start had been promising; he had only to continue as best he could and publish the result. But he stopped, feeling instinctively that however profitable the result might be and however much it might help his wife and children, it would not be up to his own standard of excellence. That was an artist's decision, for which he is respected by other artists.

Then what shall we say about the very different example of Anthony Trollope? Week in, week out, in the midst of other exacting duties, he produced forty pages of fiction, even when the week was spent in stage coaches or at sea. "As I journeyed across France to Marseilles," he says in his "Autobiography," "and made thence a terribly rough voyage to Alexandria, I wrote my allotted number of pages every day. On this occasion more than once I left my paper on the cabin table, rushing away to be sick in the privacy of my state-room. It was February, and the weather was terrible, but still I did my work." He does not say whether it was good work or whether it had the taste of bile; quite simply it was work performed on schedule. Yet Trollope as well as Hawthorne is now admired by other writers (after a period of hesitation, it is true) and is felt to have carried out a moral choice.

There is no real conflict in this judgment about the two men. Both Hawthorne and Trollope were devoted to their profession and willing to make sacrifices for it—in one case a financial and family sacrifice, in the other a sacrifice of comfort. Therefore both were observing the artist's code of morality. This code is not a long one; it can, in fact, be reduced to four essential precepts.

First, the artist must have faith in the all-importance of art, and particularly in his own form of art, be it painting, sculpture, poetry, drama, fiction, or music.

Second, the faith must be demonstrated by the production of works. Produce, produce! This is a law among artists, or rather it is their inner compulsion. It may be that the compulsion



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is especially strong with those who practice the literary arts. "Write" and "right" are the same word in spoken English, and the two are often confused in a writer's mind. When he finds himself unable to write, he feels guilty of moral wrongdoing, and sometimes he goes to a psychoanalyst for absolution.

A third precept is that the works must honestly reveal a personal vision, different from that of any other artist. The way to become original, most artists feel, is by digging deeper into themselves. Like Quakers they believe in the inner light.

The fourth and last precept is a belief that the works, if produced with infinite care, will long outlive the artist, and hence are worth almost any sacrifice of earthly happiness.

One feature of this essentially simple code is its mixture of extreme self-centeredness with something close to self-abnegation. The ideal artist, according to the code, is completely absorbed in himself, or rather in the task of producing something out of himself; but he forgets himself in the task, often to the extent of deliberately incurring hardship, illness, or public contempt. Marcel Proust is not the only example of an artist who gave up his life for his own creation, as a devoted mother might do for her children.

WHEN the code has been followed strictly—as seldom happens in this country—it has produced, on occasion, some admirable works of art, the pride and summit of Western culture, and it has produced a few extraordinary characters who were truly saintlike in their dedication. It has also produced artists who, from the standpoint of ordinary human relations, were monsters. For the fact remains that the artist's code is dangerously incomplete as a guide to conduct. It says nothing about the duties of the artist as parent, neighbor, or citizen. It provides no restraint against the usual vices, and there are even some vices that it encourages; pride, for example, but others as well. In their search for a truly personal vision, some artists are tempted to make experiments in drunkenness or taking drugs as a means of releasing the imagination. Often this is deadened instead of being released, and the artist himself may be destroyed, especially if he is rendered vulnerable by fears about his loss of talent.

There is one other feature of the code that fills me with amazement and sometimes with dismay. It is a code for individuals who follow what Hemingway called "the loneliest trade in the world," and all its sanctions are self-imposed. Nobody except himself will punish the artist for selling out his integrity; having violated his own law, he must be the accuser as well as the culprit and the judge. If he does not sell out but strictly observes the code, he cannot be certain of receiving any award from others. Always working alone, he will cultivate his private sensibility and try to give an enduring form to his personal vision of life. The works that embody his vision will, however, be presented to the public, with the hope of their being accepted, and often they will affect the conduct of the public in an unpredictable way. The private vision of artists, drawn from their inner selves, in obedience more to instinct than to logic, may thus become an undirected force in society.

Nobody has succeeded in explaining the connection between the private sources and the public functions of art. But art does have its public functions, though we often lose sight of them. In primitive agricultural societies, and even in Western Europe until the Renaissance, the functions were more clearly defined. It was the duty of the artist to celebrate the community in its present oneness, in its divine past, and in its glorious future. Thus he invented dances and rituals for the group, he retold the stories of its gods and heroes, he fashioned their images, and he persuaded the "people"—his own tribe that is, the only genuine persons—that they were reenacting the lives of the gods, who would some day return and reinstitute the golden age. Thus the artist played a recognized part in the daily life of the people.

Even now, a time of social fragmentation, when the artist's stock in trade is not a communal tradition, but chiefly his own separate and sometimes abnormal personality, art still has its public functions to perform. One of these is to furnish us with models for emulation, with objects of pity or sympathy, and with horrible examples to be avoided. Concerning this topic, Walt Whitman, in "Democratic Vistas," wrote: "The literature, songs, esthetics . . . of a country are of importance principally because they furnish the materials and suggestions of personality for the women and men of that country, and enforce them in a thousand effective ways." We can see how this process operates in daily life. From little boys in cowboy suits, or not so long ago in Davy Crockett coonskin caps, to young women who try to look and talk like their favorite movie actress in her latest role, and to the great general—it was Robert E. Lee—who often asked himself what Washington would have done in the same situation, we are always trying to emulate models in fiction or drama or history, that is, from the sphere of art.

WHETHER literature helps to make us better Christians, citizens, husbands, wives, or parents is a subject for debate. I suppose the realistic answer is that some books do and others don't. Some very great authors have been dangerous models to emulate in daily life. But if they were truly great, they performed one service for every reader by broadening his range of sympathies and his consciousness of what goes on around him—by making him see and hear and appreciate what he might otherwise have missed—while at the same time deepening his emotions. The great authors have made life seem richer, more interesting, and more worth the living than it would have seemed without their work. In a single phrase, they have helped to create the myths by which we live.

No nation or tribe or voluntary association of persons could exist without such myths and archetypes of conduct, but it had better be admitted that the myths may be good, less good, or even in many cases actively evil, as witness Hitler's myth of the conquering Pure

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Aryan. That too was an artistic creation of a sort, and it was accepted by a defeated country trying to explain away its defeat and find reasons, even delusive ones, for hope in the future. Art, in other words, can be good or bad in its public effects, and a question for social philosophers has always been how those effects could be controlled and directed toward socially desirable purposes.

That is how we come to the great problem of censorship, which has been with us almost since the beginning of human society. Apparently it is no nearer to being solved today than it was in the time of Plato, who wanted to banish artists and flute players from his ideal republic. Arguments about censorship usually involve a great deal of sentiment and obfuscation on both sides of every phase of the question. The word itself becomes charged with emotion, especially when it is used by writers who have suffered through having their works suppressed. Yet why not admit to ourselves that there always has been and always will be censorship of some variety? Why not concede that it would exist even in the most nearly perfect society that could be imagined, so long as the society was composed of men and not of completely housebroken angels?

CENSORSHIP is one of the means by which society defends itself against enemies, external or internal, and by which it tries, not always without success, to prevent social changes in what the ruling stratum conceives to be an undesirable direction. Usually we think of censorship as being connected with sex, and we think of books and pictures that run the danger of being suppressed or mutilated by the censors as those which portray some form of sexual activity. But in times of war and threatened revolution, censorship is more likely to be military or political; and at all times—usually without the least protest from artists and writers—there is an active censorship by the Post Office, the Department of Agriculture, the Federal Trade Commission, and the Securities and Exchange Commission of certain types of verbal expression, notably those calculated to defraud consumers and investors. Laws against libel constitute another form of censorship, and one that seems to be needed for the protection of individuals.

In the domain of sex, the question of what is permissible to portray or to advocate has been complicated for a century or more by changes in ethical standards and social practices. Things can be said today that could not have been said as late as 1950. Since that

time there has also been a change in the written language, as a result of which many words formerly regarded as being, in the strict sense, *tabu* are losing their charismatic power. The change was revealed in the court case about the mailability of "Lady Chatterley's Lover," a book which contains most of the once forbidden words. It was written to defy the censors and convert its readers to a new sexual morality by shocking them, but—as I tried to say when testifying for the publishers of "Lady Chatterley" at the Post Office hearing—it has lost so much of its shocking quality that it now seems tame and even tiresome.

Later there was some question of my volunteering to testify in defense of Henry Miller's "Tropic of Cancer," but this time I had an instinct, like Hawthorne, that I had better keep quiet. What I had discovered in myself was an unexpected residue of moral conservatism. I admire the work for its literary virtues of naturalness, vigor, and perfect honesty. I was glad to see it sold by bookstores, where presumably it would be bought by adults who thought twice about spending $7.50, but I didn't know that I was eager to have it displayed on newsstands for 95 cents, since it wasn't, so it seemed to me, the best sort of work for the immature. I realized that a difference of $6.55 in the cost of one book was a very rough test of maturity—but mightn't it be better than no test at all?

That suggests another problem about censorship: should it be the same at all levels? At present many situations can be presented on the stage that cannot be presented in a moving picture, and many others are permissible in moving pictures but not on television, which is chiefly, at certain hours, an expensive device for keeping children out of trouble. Should the same sort of distinction be made between what is permissible in hard-cover books and what is permissible in those distributed at low prices to a mass audience that may or may not know what it is buying? Judges don't think so, and probably the judges are right, but still there is that residue of conservatism that keeps me uncertain.

Another problem about censorship is whether serious artists should be granted more latitude than professional entertainers and purveyors of sex, sadism, and gunsmoke. Most judges have held that it is right for the artists to have more liberty, and some famous decisions have been based on the literary standing of the author. It is often difficult, however, for a judge or a government official—let alone a zealous committee of laymen—to recognize serious art. Even artists are troubled by this problem. I have heard some of them, driven by the need for consistency, bursting forth with the declaration that they were prepared to do battle against all forms of censorship, no matter how tawdry or debased or misleading were the works against which it was exercised.

The trouble with such a declaration is that it might put those artists in the position of defending a person who, for example, had written a do-it-yourself handbook of abortion, or had furnished directions for robbing banks together with case histories of successful robbers, or had argued for the assassination of the President, or had offered what he falsely claimed was a remedy for cancer, or had misled the public about the value of oil wells or radium mines, or had engaged in the large-scale production of pornography for high school students, now a flourishing business. Usually the censors are wrong, but they can be justified in scores of instances—and exactly where shall we draw the line?

IN THE course of the never-ending debate, a few principles have, I think, been firmly established. One is the principle for which Milton argued in his "Areopagitica": that books should not be censored in advance; that their publication should not require the imprimatur of a government official. Such licensing or precensorship of books is an intolerable burden on creative minds, and it is likely to deprive society of

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THE PERSISTENCE OF THE CAVEMAN

By ALBERT SZENT-GYORGYI, *distinguished biochemist and winner of the Nobel Prize for Medicine (1937). He is presently Director of Research at the Institute of Muscle Research, Marine Biological Laboratories, Woods Hole, Massachusetts.*

WHATEVER man does he must do first in his mind. The machinery of the mind is the brain, and any machine can do only what it is made to do. Consequently, if we want to understand ourselves, we must understand what sort of machine our brain is.

Primarily, the brain is an organ of survival. It was built by nature to search for food, shelter, and the like, to gain advantage—before addressing itself to the pursuit of truth. Hence most human brains are unable to distinguish between truth and advantage, and accept as truth that which is only advantage. We use our brain mainly for finding ways to reach what we want. Simultaneously, we produce the thoughts and arguments which justify our feelings and dealings. I suspect that if I were in the business of selling shelters, my brain would tend to dwell rather steadily on the probability of nuclear war. If I were in politics, I might find my brain devoting itself less to the next generation than to the next election.

There is only one general rule regarding how an animal should be built to survive: it must be adapted to its surroundings. Our species was not built yesterday, but hundreds of thousands of years ago and probably has not changed during the last 20,000 years. We are adapted, then, to the conditions of life which prevailed twenty millenniums ago. To learn about these conditions and to better understand ourselves, let us pay a brief imaginary visit to our nth great-great-grandfather.

At night we would probably find him in a cave, huddling with his small clan around a primitive fire, the greatest natural force he knew and handled. We would have to be a bit careful in approaching him: his dominant instinct being fear, he might strike us down. If we came upon him during the day, we would probably find him hunting close to the cave, because even a distance of ten miles seemed an infinity to him, and the greatest speed he knew was that of some animal or of a stone he hurled. If we could talk to him, we would probably find he had not the least doubt that what he saw and thought was the ultimate reality.

This world, the world of our ancestor, was changed by science almost in one stroke, leaving us no time for readaptation. What science did was to peep behind the scenes of creation and put the hidden, superhuman forces of nature at the service of man. It replaced the speed of animals with the speed of jets, missiles, and radio waves, thus abolishing distance. The fire it replaced with atomic energy, one of those terrific cosmic forces which shape the universe. It introduced death control without birth control, making the human masses swell enormously. With distance abolished, these masses now rub directly against one another, with weapons in their hands which enable them to destroy one another without even leaving their backyard.

Here we stand in the middle of this new world with our primitive brain, attuned to the simple cave life, with terrific forces at our disposal, which we are clever enough to release, but whose consequences we cannot comprehend. Their dimensions are too far beyond our human dimensions. When my wife tells me, "the water is hot," I am careful. But if I hear that an atomic explosion has fifteen million degrees of heat, it means nothing to me. I am deeply moved if I see a man suffering and would even risk my life for him. But then I talk impersonally about the possible pulverization of our big cities, with a hundred million dead. I am unable to multiply one man's suffering by a hundred million.

For our ancestor in his cave, the world meant the people he knew. Nations comprising hundreds of millions of people no longer represent people in our minds—they are abstractions. So their leaders begin to talk about abstractions, National Glory or National Survival, for which they are ready to put up with hundreds of millions killed.

We are not actually bad. We are just humans, carried into dimensions where we do not belong, with a primitive brain that cannot grasp how hell on earth could look. To stay alive we must create an entirely new world with new human relations, and the question is: who can help us?

Science? It may seem a logical idea that the forces created by science can be governed without mortal danger only by that which created them. Can the scientist help us then?

There is no such thing as the "scientist." There are thousands and thousands working in science, and, as everywhere, there are a few dangerous

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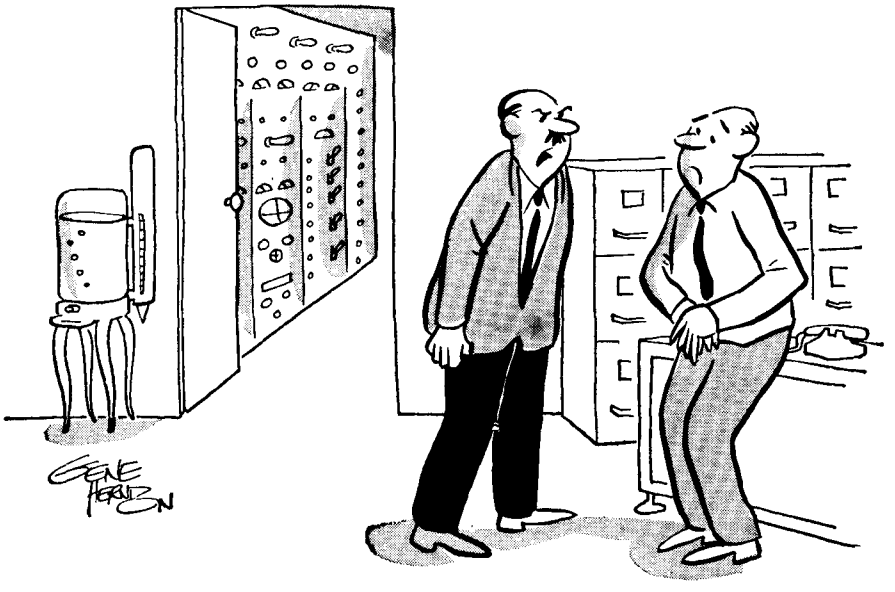

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A New Sense of Reality

AN AUSTRIAN journalist, reporting his impressions of a visit to the United States, finds that the American people are running out of interesting things to do or think about. He says they have no real feeling of involvement in the nation or the world, except as it may affect their earning power. To Thorstein Veblen's idea of conspicuous consumption, the visitor adds the notion of lavish drift.

In particular, he says that American wives are liberated from everything, including purpose and a sense of responsibility. They make an occupation out of being decorative. They are expensive, self-centered, demanding, complicated, vestigial. As for the husbands, he claims that so much male energy goes into pyramiding their business holdings that very little is left for family life and almost none for national issues.

The Austrian writer emphasizes that his impressions are purely personal and lack the comprehensive evidence that would be required for a sociological survey. Even so, he says, he feels obligated to pass along what he believes to be true. On the same informal, limited, nonsociological level, we would like to report a somewhat different set of findings. During the past year, we have been in at least twenty communities in all the principal regions of the United States. We have been encouraged by what we saw. To be sure, there was enough aimlessness and boredom to create the kind of impression carried away by the Austrian journalist. But this was not all; it was not even the dominant part.

The dominant mood in America today, it seems to us, may be one of uneasiness, but it is not necessarily the uneasiness produced by lavish drift or boredom. There is a feeling that we are capable of doing better than we are doing—on every level. People have a sense of being part of an epic challenge without being summoned to an epic response. A terrible sense of reality has invaded the consciousness. People no longer have to be pounded or shocked before they accept the fact of overriding danger. The ease with which the world could slide into nuclear war and the consequences of such a war are no longer rejected or even resisted. They would like, therefore, to be part of a great responsive effort, one that is relevant, convincing, inspiring. They feel a genuine thrust inside them they would like to pit against the growing peril. But they have no way of making the vital connection. In short, they have no feeling of being used.

NOT SINCE the end of World War II have we found lecture audiences as aware, as concerned, as responsive as they are today. Their questions come from deep within; they are not merely trying to pick flaws in an argument or engage in a forensic exchange. They are genuinely searching for answers. Most of all, they want to know how the individual can invest himself in a total effort to help meet a total problem. They seem to realize that government in a free society can only be a projection of their own adequacy or lack of it. But, again, they don't know where to take hold. They seem to be saying: "Enough alarms and drum-beating; we're ready to move. Where do you want us to go? What do you want us to do?"

It is this frustration, verging in some cases almost on exasperation, rather than purposelessness, that may represent the main characteristic of the American temperament today. The American people right now are living under their moral capacity and they know it. They want material comforts—who doesn't?—but no greater error could be made than to assume that they could not be persuaded to commit themselves to larger goals. If there is concern that America may be stuck on a treadmill, the easiest way to relieve that concern is to point to the way off and out.

Our Austrian friend may be even wider of the mark in the particular than he is in the general. Any inventory of the national assets would have to begin with American women. Nowhere in the world have we found women who are more seriously interested in world affairs than in the United States. The Helen Hokinson cartoon conception of the American clubwoman is as dated as automobile kerosene lamps. The keenest and most knowledgeable questions and letters today come not from men but from women. Not all of them, apparently, are using their liberation from drudgery just to float from beauticians' chairs to bingo parlors. A rather considerable number are reading and thinking and probing. They have the increasing conviction that if their families and the world in general are going to be saved, the job may have to be done by women.

AS FOR American men, we cannot accept the view that they are totally preoccupied with building business empires. At various conferences or meetings in different sections of the country, and in individual discussions, we have been impressed with their serious desire for serious consideration of serious world problems. Once the executives become aware that they are not being instructed or admonished but are taking part in a genuine exploration of ideas, they become creatively concerned about their own part in shaping an adequate national policy to meet world problems.

Common to both men and women, as indicated earlier, is the feeling that only our best will be good enough to meet the danger but that no one seems to be speaking to it or providing the inspiration for its release. There is energy and power in this resource. It should be put to work. —N.C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

RELIGIOUS AMITY

YOUR FEATURE on the Ecumenical Movement [*SR*, June 9] is very fitting in an issue devoted to communications. It will, I hope, help to increase communication between Protestants and Catholics.

One thing which has been communicated to me, not only in the article by John A. Hardon, S. J., but repeatedly in Catholic theology, is a dependence on "the primacy of intellect in Christianity."

Mr. Hardon asks: "What assurance do I have that my will is not hoping in fabulous myths and loving only idle dreams? The basic Protestant answer is: "None whatsoever."

The starting point for Protestant faith is the intellectual confession that trust in intellect is *also* without assurance. Our interfaith conversations must cross this gap.

OMAR RUST,
Pastor,
First Methodist Church.

Waynoka, Okla.

TO ERR . . .

IF ANALOGY be the poet's passion, then poet—at heart, at least—am I. As such, let me grade John Ciardi's essay on "Analogy and Mind" [*SR*, June 9]. For passionate rebuff of misanalyzed analogy: A for excellent. For hasty misplacing of Horatio's words *from* Hamlet (not *to* Hamlet, but to Marcellus, before Hamlet even appears): C for an average mistake. For proving, by an error, that he is human: my applause. His self-certainty seems so fierce it is interesting to see it slip this wee bit.

PATRICK E. LEE.

Great Falls, Mont.

THE OTHER SIDE

IN YOUR TRADE WINDS Section [*SR*, June 2], you have some interesting remarks about a book written by Edward Bennett Williams, called "One Man's Freedom."

Mr. Williams comments on the treatment accorded the late Senator McCarthy when he was being investigated by Congress, and on the so-called "mail cover." This merely means that the name and address of the party who wrote the letter is obtained, but the mail is not delayed nor is it opened. In this connection, the writer would like to know what Mr. Williams says in the book about the scores of citizens of the United States whose lives and careers were damaged and destroyed on nonexisting evidence Mister McCarthy pretended to have.

In the second place, comment is made on the statement that the late Machine Gun Kelly's wife was convicted in a kidnaping case when it appeared that the FBI had evidence in its possession which was suppressed. The FBI does not suppress evidence which it secures in its investigations, but turns it over completely to the United States attorney who will be prosecuting the case. If there was any suppression, it was by the United States attorney rather than by the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

LEWIS G. BERNSTEIN,
Attorney.

New York, N.Y.

"He never would tell me where he was building the underground shelter."

STAGE ILLUSION

REGARDING Mr. Morgansen's letter [*SR*, June 9] which misinterprets Henry Hewes's comments in "Second Helping" [*SR*, May 19]: A skilled performer (whether he be an actor or a personality) *can* and should make a poor line sound like sheer genius. Total this effect and it is possible for one to think a mediocre play better than it is, a good play excellent, etc. This fortunate improvement in no way means that plays "should be savored in the hallowed precincts of a library." It simply means that some plays aren't as good as they seem.

JOHN D. DOLAN.

San Francisco, Calif.

RECURRENT APHASIA

FRANCIS W. RAMSEY, JR. asks if it is possible for the human mind suddenly to divest itself of an entire area of memory [*SR*, June 16] with all other areas remaining intact. He cites the case of Barbarus, a patrician of Venice. I will mention three other instances:

(1) The Emperor Hadrian's nephew, Philus, who was also the court astronomer, knew the names of more than 3,000 stars. One day, he was hit by one of the most astounding cases of compartmentalized aphasia in medical history. He blacked out completely on the names of all stars from A through L, remembering faultlessly the names of all stars from M through Z. When each list was totaled up, it was discovered that they balanced exactly—1,504 stars on each side.

(2) Han Ch'uh, the celebrated Chinese mathematician (born circa 1142), once forgot the numbers six through nine.

(3) Omar Pardesh (1609-1654) who holds the distinction of presiding over history's largest harem (167 concubines) invariably forgot the names of all concubines over the age of thirty.

HAROLD WATTS.

Chicago, Ill.

. . . AND WHAT ABOUT Irwin Edman, beloved philosophy professor, who dreamed he was giving a lecture and suddenly awakened to discover it was true?

GEORGE P. COMBS.

New York, N.Y.

SPEAKING OF APHASIA, I give you Walter Cronkite, CBS's talented news commentator, who even forgot his own name.

F. P. MOONEY.

St. Louis, Mo.

. . . IT IS a well-known fact that, now and then, the White House has had occupants who have forgotten everybody. . . .

JEROME FLETCHER.

Seattle, Wash.

SURELY EVERYONE remembers Pete (Hot-Lips) Sturgess, jazz trombonist of the Twenties, who one night discovered he had completely forgotten how to play his musical instrument, then just as mysteriously discovered he could play the saxophone, which he had never played before?

MAX PINEHURST.

Milwaukee, Wis.

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Manner of Speaking

SIX MILLION AND ONE: Adolf Eichmann has climbed the last stairs, saluted his family, declared his belief in God, and taken the last plunge through the trap door. He is dead. And perhaps the horror and insanity of World War II was not really at an end until this last piece of human wreckage dangled from an Israeli rope. The appalling estimate of the Nazi's mass murder of the Jews is usually set at six million. To six million dead in inconceivable horror, add now one man hanged in the full solemnity and deliberation of the law. And may history never again have such a tale to tell.

Those millions of dead must cry forever in man's memory. That Eichmann was a powerful agent in their slaughter is beyond doubt. Not even the irregularities of his seizure and kidnaping to Israel can cast a doubt upon the verdict. If ever man was guilty, this was the man. If there are grounds in law for the execution of murderers, the grounds of his conviction were firm. He is dead and unwept. Or if there are tears, they cannot be for the man himself, but only for his hideous example of what man's nature may fall to.

Yet there remains to ask what Israel has gained in exacting its six-million-to-one vengeance on the sorry flesh that was Eichmann. Did the mountain labor only to produce one more crushed mouse? Was all the machinery of justice and the world showcase Israel made of the trial aimed at no more than a gray five minutes at the gallows?

Eichmann alive, I must believe, could have served Israel and the world far better than Eichmann dead. For what was on trial in the Eichmann case was not the man himself but a disease of which he was a pustulant symptom. What was truly on trial was every man whose psyche has ever been warped by racism and supernationalism. Nor can I help but believe that every man is stained to some extent by the guilt in which Eichmann was steeped.

That the verdict would be guilty was beyond doubt. But I will confess that I clung to a perhaps romantic hope for a different sentence. I had hoped that Eichmann would be spared the rope and sentenced instead to a lifetime of close study by a panel of analysts and clinicians. For if a man is known by his acts, Eichmann's acts make him known as the image of the human monster. And the world needs to know its monsters. An entire library of research into the conditioning and motivation of such a man would not have been too much. "Here," such a library might have proclaimed, "is evil. This is its face. These are its words. These are its clinical measurements. This is its history from the womb. Look at it. What do you see?"

Perhaps the awful lesson honest men might have learned from such a study would have been an awareness of how much of themselves they could see in the monster. And how can a man renounce what is monstrous in himself until he learns to recognize it?

One may argue, of course, that such a lifelong study, aside from being cumbersome, could do no more than add endless details to what we already know in a general way—that Eichmann justified his actions in the name of such high abstractions as loyalty, obedience, and a better world to come. Like every political absolutist—Fascist, Communist, or fanatic of any sort—Eichmann would have argued that the end justified the means, however horrible the means might be. But though we already know that much, yet, certainly, every detail about the man that might have made this process of self-justification more visible, could have served as a light in which every thoughtful man could have reappraised his own capacity for the monstrous.

FOR THE question "Who is guilty?" might better become "Who is not guilty?" In the name of high causes I was once myself part of a machine called an aircrew dedicated to the business of burning up men, women, and children. One night in March of 1945, a thousand of our planes fireballed Tokyo and, with the help of a stiff wind, burned out fifty-two square miles. It was, moreover, ingeniously done. When the commanders decided to burn Tokyo they naturally wanted to know the best aiming points for starting a real fire storm. Intelligence, thereupon, consulted available fire-insurance rates for Tokyo and instructed the crews to drop their bombs on those sections for which the rates were highest. Needless to say, those were the ricketiest and most crowded slum sections. Nor did our fires have eyes—once started, they burned men, women, and children alike. It was, as Southey said of Blenheim, "a famous victory."

To be sure, we believed it had to be done. I told myself I would sooner set fire to the last cradle in Japan than see a Japanese battleship sail victoriously into San Francisco Bay. Certainly I can defend my tiny part in that action. The United States itself backed up my defense by giving me a couple of technicolor hashmarks for just tha sort of thing.

But what if Japan had won and it had turned out to be Japanese judges who tried the case? What could I have offered in my own defense but, one by one, all of Eichmann's arguments? I was only a cog—the smallest kind of cog, in fact, one of four gunners who rode at least fifty feet away from the controls and bomb switches. I only obeyed orders—when I had to. It was my duty—alas. But in the end what could I plead to that—happily—never-convened court but "guilty as we all are"?

What mankind needs is not vengeance but self-revelation. Perhaps Eichmann was colder and more selfish than most men, but like all of us he had tender emotions toward those things with which he identified, as well as hateful emotions toward those things he put away from his sympathies. Call them in-group and out-group emotions. If they can be thought of as two sets of emotions, all men have both sets within them. Without that division of emotions no battle could be pitched.

It is even possible to extend one's in-group emotions too far. Shelley wept over the sheep who turned trusting eyes to their butchers at the moment of slaughter. Logically, he turned vegetarian. But I happen to like lamb chops and I calculatedly refuse to grow sentimental about the butchering of sheep.

The point to which I am groping—and admittedly I lack the properly starched clinical vocabulary for it—is the need of everyman to recognize his own division of emotions and to ponder the consequences of that division. We all must, or at least we will, exclude something from our sympathies. The daily news brings us so many demands for tears that, as I have said before, pity must keep a waiting list.

But at what point of sick exclusion does a man become the monster-Eichmann? What filaments in the nature of all men tangle in the monster to the point at which he can coldly direct the procession of six million brutal deaths? At what point in a man's life is there laid in him the coil of such hideous possibility? By the recognition of how horror developed in the actual monster can we learn to recognize and to hate the monstrous possibility within ourselves?

Perhaps such questions must remai forever unanswerable. But what a possibility for moral inquiry Israel could have given us in place of this last bundle of dumped flesh.

—JOHN CIARDI.

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Edited by Martin Levin

THE ELEPHANT

THE ELEPHANT was invented so that four blind men could stand around feeling one and then give opinions.

A. A. Milne called it the Hephelump and got a laugh out of Christopher Robin.

Elephants hardly ever breed in captivity on the ground that it isn't right to bring children into a world that consists of John Ringling North.

Pound for pound, the El isn't as strong as a man. A man can lift a man but an elephant can't lift an elephant. It takes most of his strength just to stand up. Once up, though, he doesn't mind pushing a circus wagon. To him, it's just *leaning*, anyway.

They despise peanuts, you know. It's just that they like to be nice to little kids.

While it's true that the elephant has a remarkable memory, it's also true that he has practically nothing to remember. It's not so much that he doesn't want to . . . he just plain doesn't have to. He's an elephant.

The herd is always led by a female. This gives the male even less to remember.

He's a vegetarian.
He has no gall bladder.
Makes you think, eh?

—HENRY MORGAN.

• • •

WHICH SECTION DO YOU WANT?

AS SOON as the moving truck gets loaded, I'm going to run down to the post office and mail some letters, one of which is a letter cancelling our subscription to the Sunday edition of the New York *Times*. We're not taking any more chances with the Sunday *Times*.

Ten years ago we were living in Kansas. Then one Sunday, we got this supplement in the Sunday *Times* telling about North Carolina, and it seemed to offer so much—golf, swimming, inexpensive housing, good schools, industries—that we moved. We lived in North Carolina for two years, and what the supplement had said was true. When we left North Carolina, it was not because we had expected to find something and then not found it; it was just that we realized that there were certain things we wanted that North Carolina did not have and when we saw the supplement from Arkansas, and it showed the very things we now wanted, it seemed foolish not to move, so we moved to Arkansas.

Arkansas was great, and don't let anyone tell you it isn't. We saw many things in Arkansas that we had not seen before, and we developed many new interests. Did you know that Arkansas has diamond mines? Well, it does. Of course, they don't compare with the diamond mines of South Africa, but that leads me to the next part of my story. We developed an interest in diamonds, and when the supplement on South Africa came, we moved there. It was a beautiful place, but the climate became tiresome, and one Tuesday the Sunday *Times* came with a supplement on Maine. We were hooked. Imagine sitting in the middle of South Africa on a hot day and seeing a picture of a Maine lake. Maine was lovely, and we might have been there yet had it not been for the supplement on Oregon.

Oregon was delightful, but you certainly couldn't walk into the back yard and pick oranges, the way we could in Florida. We could in California, too, but California began to get more and more crowded, so we moved to Mississippi, and it has been wonderful here, but you should see the supplement that came in last Sunday's *Times*. Maybe you saw it. Golf, swimming, inexpensive housing, good schools, industries — Kansas has everything. We called a real estate agent in our old home town, and he said that the house we used to live in is being vacated this week. The people who have been living in it are *Herald Tribune* subscribers, and they've been hooked by Greenland.

—ROBERT BARASCH.

• • •

YOU TOO CAN CONQUER YOUR BETTER NATURE

My father once bestowed on me a dollar,
  Rewarding some good deed I had not done.
Should I accept? I struggled with my scruples.
  And I won.

My courage once was publicly commended—
  I had stood fast, too paralyzed to run.
Should I tell all? I fought my better nature;
  And I won.

When conscience bade me make a full confession,
  Repenting every tawdry fault and sin,
I fought a war with conscience; and I won it.
  I always win.

—MORRIS BISHOP.

• • •

THE BUNKER BROOM

IN INDIA, people squat as naturally as we sit, and a good deal more gracefully. The sidewalk vendors squat behind their wares, and customers come and squat before them. Sidewalk barbers squat facing their customers. Mothers squat to nurse and children do it effortlessly.

Our cook would squat on the floor to clean and prepare his vegetables, and when our bearer took time off for a cigarette, he would go out on the back veranda and squat.

When we came down to the living room of our Delhi house, we would always find Mohanji, our sweeper, squatting at his work.

"*Namaste*," we said, placing our palms together at our chests in a gesture which had already become as natural to us as it was beautiful.

He responded from where he squatted, then went on washing the terrazzo floor with a wet rag. Mohanji squatted most of the day—first in the house while he did all the floors, then outside while he swept the big verandas and the whole yard. All of this he did with a handleless broom. Mrs. Bunker, the American ambassador's wife, had tried to popularize our kind of broom. Touched by this everlasting squatting of all the sweepers of India, she had caused a number to be made and put on sale. Mr. Nehru approved the idea. The Delhi Corporation decreed that sweepers would use brooms with handles. We brought one home and presented it to Mohanji. Tall and thin as a beanpole, he actually stood up to receive it, though he never quite stood up—from a lifetime of squatting his back had an unerasable bend. His smile was wonderful to see. We had visions of helping Mrs. Bunker to raise the sweepers of India to their feet.

Mohanji reverently carried the broom to his closet under the stairs. Then he picked up his handleless broom, squatted, and went to work. He never touched our broom again. And when we left India, the street cleaners of Delhi were still using brooms without handles.

—BRADFORD SMITH.

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Images and Experiments

THE LANGUAGE problem, which has sometimes prevented the better Japanese films from obtaining large audiences here, will not prove a barrier in the case of **"The Island,"** a movie of artful simplicity that entirely dispenses with dialogue. Kaneto Shindu, the director and writer of this exceedingly touching film, did not choose silence as an aid to international understanding and appreciation, but because he wanted to do something that a good many directors dream about. This dream is to make a flowing series of visual images convey the entire emotion and meaning of a story. There are theorists who would claim that this is the only true film art, that dialogue is at best a crutch and at worst an intrusion. Mr. Shindu's experiment doesn't necessarily prove these theories to be correct, but it does prove that visual images alone can provide a powerful experience.

But not quite alone in this case, for "The Island" has a sound track which conveys the realistic sounds of a Japanese husband and wife patiently, endlessly cultivating and watering the rocky soil of an almost barren island; of the plash of an an oar as it dips into the waters of an inland sea; and of water being poured into a storage barrel, a pail, a cask, or gently on the earth near a plant that would otherwise die.

Also on the sound track is a musical score that substitutes for human speech, for a cry of pain, or for laughter; Mr. Shindu obviously did not have total faith in his visual images (as sensitive and rhythmic as they are), and hoped to augment them. To my own ears this rather loud musical accompaniment adds an impure element; it isn't bad music, it is even striking as a film score, but it often underlines where underlining isn't needed.

"The Island" gains its effect principally through the repetitive actions of a Japanese farmer (Taiji Tonoyama) and his wife (Nobuko Otawa), and the impeccable and quite beautiful photography that continually outlines them against sky, sea, and earth, making a series of elemental patterns remindful at times of the work of Robert Flaherty. However, Shindu has a distinct sense of form that is his own. The film builds ineluctably a feeling for these people and their two small boys, and also an understanding of why they struggle as they do. This struggle is a simple one. The couple must cross a passage of the sea to the mainland, there fill their casks with water (each carries two), and then pole back to the island. Here they must carry their casks to their crops up a rocky, twisting slope.

Through this central rhythmic pattern, Shindu weaves other activities. The mother takes her oldest boy to school each day, also across the water. There is the preparation of the evening meal, the play and work of the children, the daily sight of an excursion boat passing their island. And, when the director has thoroughly cast his spell, he jolts the nerves of the audience with, again, a simple happening—one of the water casks spills. The husband gives the wife a jarring slap, and she reacts with silence, but this time the silence gives off a different "ring."

By these means, Shindu involves us and touches us. The details with which he fills his picture do the telling, and since to make this evocation of the grim, patient, silent working life of a Japanese farmer required almost equally rigorous working conditions, the fortitude of director, cast, and crew is astonishing in itself. They all merit the highest praise.

FRANCOIS Truffaut's **"Shoot the Piano Player"** is a melodrama (based on a novel by David Goodis) that has been dressed up with whimsy, satire, and also a note of tragedy. It demonstrates again that Truffaut is absolutely determined to have fun while making a picture.

An admirer of Hollywood crime films, Truffaut evidently sees them not only as meaningful, but as containing the essences of film making. Their violence is for him poetic, with the dreamlike quality of fairy tales.

Yet it is not altogether in this spirit that he has made his own crime film. He has again avoided the studio, and found his own backgrounds and settings in a grimy quarter on the outskirts of Paris. His moody, poetic hero is a concert pianist who works out his tragic sense by playing in a bar, and who becomes involved with those B-picture staples, girls and gangsters. Truffaut handles this synthetic mixture with stylish camera work; and he has put in several sophisticated and prankish touches. Two gangster heavies are zany types who rattle off outlandish philosophies—while they kidnap a boy, and take an intended victim for a ride. One of the gangsters calls upon his mother to drop dead if he is not telling the truth. Immediately there is a quick cut to his mother dropping dead.

Truffaut has, in other words, made sure that his movie can't be taken entirely seriously, but in this he betrays himself. If he had felt with conviction that the gangster form (American style) represents all that he has stated it represents, then why the need for so many surprises, jokes, and filmic asides? Why not do it straight? I fear Truffaut has protected himself by mixing satire and playfulness with his undeniably enjoyable melodrama.

"Boccaccio 70," which is the work of three noted Italian directors (it was originally the work of four, but an episode made by Mario Monicelli was lifted out, much to his public chagrin), promises more than it fulfills. Nothing done by Federico Fellini can be wholly without interest, but here he has strained himself. He provides producer Carlo Ponti with the first part of a film that is supposed to capture the earthy, droll spirit of Boccaccio—assuming, that is, that the spirit of Boccaccio might be able to descend upon the world in 1970. In his usual flamboyant manner, Fellini caricatures a vice crusader in "The Temptation of Dr. Antonio," and punishes the poor doctor severely for his objections to a huge billboard that provocatively displays the face and proportions of Anita Ekberg.

This punishment takes the form of a nightmare in which Miss Ekberg arouses herself to gigantic life and then looms over the little man who has dared to propose the covering up of her charms. It requires an hour before prudery is entirely vanquished, and during that time Anita Ekberg strides through a miniature Rome, her huge, lascivious lips and immense bosom striking desire and terror wherever she walks. No wonder the doctor is eventually carted off to an asylum. But Mr. Fellini's broad joke is a letdown after "La Dolce Vita."

NOR does the slowly paced sketch by Luchino Visconti that follows provide a pickup. His story deals with a conjugal arrangement in which a beautiful, young, rich, and sexy wife of an impoverished Italian nobleman can only intrigue him into bed with her by charging him the same fee as his favorite call girls. It ends with a long, doleful close-up of the wife's tragic face.

I doubt that Boccaccio would have approved. But he might have liked better De Sica's racy, lively tale of the raffling off of the favors of Sophia Loren. The episode is as overlong as the other two, but it does have some robust humor, and a spirited performance by Sophia Loren.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Canadian Capers

THE TENTH Stratford Shakespearean Festival of Canada offers a sampler of three approaches to Shakespeare production, of which the most successful is the one Michael Langham has applied to **"The Taming of the Shrew."** "Here, Mr. Langham again demonstrates his gradually acquired supremacy in the art of using this unique open stage. And just as evident is Tanya Moiseiwitsch's unwavering artistry in bringing color and style onto the neutral wooden U—which this season has been remodeled slightly toward W.

The presentation begins with the delightful spectacle of tattered Christopher Sly as he is suddenly showered with all the voluptuous elegance Shakespeare and Miss Moiseiwitsch can supply. But as gorgeous as this is, Mr. Langham understands that no pleasure can ever equal the glory achieved in the imagination of the person experiencing the spectacle, and that the secret of the open stage is to get imaginary sights, happenings, and forces to occur in the mind of an audience within a split second of the moment they come into the heads of the performers.

Thus the most effective of all the trappings the practical-joking Lord offers Sly is nothing we actually see, but an imaginary wanton painting of "Io, as a maid, and how she was beguiled and surprised—as lively painted as the deed was done." While describing the painting, Sly, portrayed nicely as a cautious vulgarian by Hugh Webster, tilts his head so as better to inspect the lascivious detail of the horizontal figures. He is immediately interrupted by the Lord, who calls his attention to a painting of a lovely though solitary Daphne, but, after giving the Daphne a quick glance, he surreptitiously returns to his head-tilted perusal of the livelier former picture.

In giving us the play's main plot, Mr. Langham has balanced the whipped cream of the costumes with an economically realistic presentation of the story. John Colicos's Petruchio is less a dashing romantic than he is the hard head of a household that requires money to maintain it. His taming of Kate is pursued strictly out of economic necessity, which gives Mr. Colicos a point of occupation that keeps him from some of the gratuitous posing that so often attends a performance of Petruchio. And Kate Reid plays her namesake as more shrewd than shrewish. Petruchio doesn't tame her by his virility and the penetration of a love-starved girl's emotional fortress. He simply forces her to see that she will be better off living under his system. Similarly the clowns led by Peter Donat's Hortensio, Bernard Behrens's Tranio, and Eric Christmas's Grumio have a realistic concern with material assets.

However, this approach does not dull the fun. Indeed, it would be hard to imagine a madder and more effective wedding scene than the one Mr. Langham has staged. Petruchio enters in a cart that roars down an incline to a perilous stop center stage, captures his elusive bride by the arm, rushes her along a red carpet up the steps into the church, and after the brief offstage ceremony, tumbles the entire procession of choir boys and wedding guests with a whirlwind exit.

George McCowan's production of **"The Tempest"** also begins with a promising opening scene in which we see a shipful of fancily dressed and sedately composed passengers enjoying a pleasure cruise. Suddenly the lights change and the people all hurtle violently to one side of the stage. Then to accompanying storm music a group of demons dressed in enormous blue silk wings rhythmically and gradually engulf the playing area.

Unfortunately this wonderfully theatrical and imaginative prologue is followed by a much too literal and slow-moving presentation of the play's events, as if it were really a play about court intrigue in Milan instead of a free frolic in Prospero's enchanted world away from the world. That world is perhaps best suggested by Martha Henry's Miranda, a barefoot impulsive child who, because of her protected innocent upbringing, is all the more warmly receptive to the brave new world. But the tourists and the islanders seem too fully preoccupied with problems to enjoy their stay in Shakespeare's magic climate.

"Macbeth," with Christopher Plummer, is most originally staged by Peter Coe. Both Mr. Plummer's daringly unconventional performance and Mr. Coe's somewhat Brechtian approach, which seems to divide the play into three unsatisfactorily related parts, impress as more exciting in intent than in effect. It therefore seems advisable to wait until later in the summer to see again and then discuss this ambitious project, which is, let us hope, still "young in deed."

—HENRY HEWES.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Casals's Message of Peace

PABLO CASALS is an admirable man and a performer of historic quality on his chosen instrument, the cello. World peace is not only an aspiration, but a need for men everywhere. Thus an affiliation of his best musical efforts with this objective should have made an experience beyond compare of his first performance in Carnegie Hall in decades (since 1928). But the effort he expended was only his second and third best—not as cellist, but as conductor-composer of his own "El Pesebre," most of it written twenty years ago and recently revised to carry Casals on a personal peace crusade here and abroad.

In leaving aside the instrument which he has made as much his own as Landowska the harpsichord or Segovia the guitar, Casals was keeping faith—in his own mind at least—with the reason for his long absence from Carnegie and other concert halls of the world. This was the vow, made during the subjugation of Spain by the Falangists, not to play there or in any country which recognizes or has diplomatic dealings with those he considers enemies of freedom and oppressors of his homeland. Whatever the status of that now disavowed vow, Casals carries with him, like a beam of light, a halo of integrity which shines beyond and above misty cross-purposes. In his hand the baton is a divining rod searching for musical truth, as others did with a witch-hazel branch for water—and, let us recognize, reaching his objective in Prades, Perpignan, and Puerto Rico more often than not.

But not, unfortunately, in Carnegie Hall. As a composer Casals is much less a divinity than a lay preacher, probing with good will and irreproachable purpose for sources of eloquence which constantly elude him. It is colloquial philosophy as well as inspired poetry that the road to hell is paved with good intentions. "El Pesebre" proves beyond a doubt that there can be a similarly well-intentioned highroad to the heavenly goal of Peace—in this case, though, one whose building blocks, however smoothly put together, show constant marks of past usage.

Every work is "new" until it has been heard, so it matters little that, musically speaking, the twentieth century does not exist for Casals—or, for that matter, some of the nineteenth. But it is disheartening to hear a man whose instrument has so often spoken the winged thoughts of a Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, or Brahms laboring to make prosaic thoughts of his own meaningful.

Now and then, at a rare moment of extreme urgency, he strikes out boldly—for the idiom of Cesar Franck or the Parsifalian Wagner. Most of the time the text of Joan Alavedra, which tells the story of the birth of Christ mostly in a traditional way (embellished by some episodes and imagery native to Catalonia), is borne on a musical stream which is slow moving, placid, and rather shallow.

BY THE evidence of this score, Casal's compositional skills are seriously restricted, dealing for the most part in block chords and a loosely knit texture, with rare suggestions of more than a melodic line (whether solo or ensemble) and connecting recitative. Simplicity may be a virtue, but not when all it conveys are half-remembered conventions. "El Pesebre" ("The Manger") is unquestionably an act of faith, but its impact is in the gesture rather than in what it communicates.

So far as the audience that crowded Carnegie Hall was concerned, that sufficed. It received the doughty visitor with a standing salute of applause and cheers, and it surged forward in a mass to surround the stage for more cheers and outstretched hands of greeting at the work's end. What he was trying to say clearly mattered more to them than how he succeeded in saying it.

Certainly there could be nothing but praise for the performers and their performance, all transported by air from Puerto Rico under the auspices of the Festival Casals of Puerto Rico and the Carnegie Hall Society, Inc. Responding to the direction of the composer (who faced them seated on a high stool, occasionally rising to gesture a climax) were Maureen Forrester, mezzo; Raymond Murcell, baritone; Paulino Saharrea, tenor; William Warfield, bass; an excellent orchestra (drawn from assorted sources); and members of the Cleveland Orchestra Chorus. Adele Addison was ill, and soprano Olga Iglesias, who had sung the part in San Francisco a few weeks ago, took her place. —IRVING KOLODIN.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

LIGHT ON THE DARK CONTINENT

Africa has been, and continues to be, a fertile field for fictional interpretation. Robb McKenzie of Newark, New Jersey, offers a group of titles the settings of which lie south of the Mediterranean and asks you to assign the right books to the right authors. Answers on page 34.

1. "Black Mischief"	( )	Alan Paton
2. "The Blanket"	( )	Chinua Achebe
3. "Blanket Boy"	( )	Paul Bowles
4. "A Burnt-Out Case"	( )	Daphne Rooke
5. "Evidence of Love"	( )	Stuart Cloete
6. "Flamingo Feather"	( )	A. A. Murray
7. "The Grass Is Singing"	( )	Romain Gary
8. "Henderson the Rain King"	( )	Evelyn Waugh
9. "The Little Karoo"	( )	Nicholas Monsarrat
10. "The Lying Days"	( )	Doris Lessing
11. "The Mask"	( )	Peter Abrahams
12. "Mine Boy"	( )	Peter Lanham
13. "Mister Johnson"	( )	Dan Jacobson
14. "Mittee"	( )	Graham Greene
15. "The Red Rock Wilderness"	( )	Joyce Cary
16. "The Roots of Heaven"	( )	Pauline Smith
17. "The Sheltering Sky"	( )	Elspeth Huxley
18. "Things Fall Apart"	( )	Nadine Gordimer
19. "Too Late the Phalarope"	( )	Laurens Van Der Post
20. "The Tribe that Lost Its Head"	( )	Saul Bellow

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BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

George Washington Ate Here

SINCE I was, only the other week, fraternizing with the patriots of Boston, a citadel of liberty in the Commonwealth called Massachusetts, it seems only fair that I state the case in this installment for the colonials of Virginia. There was plenty that was patriotic going on down in Williamsburg when I put in during the burgeoning days of late Spring. A militia company had been formed since I was there last—presumably to fend off incursions from the technocratic world outside—and a member of it was hard at labor on my first morning there, working over a six-pound British siege gun that was manufactured somewhere between 1702 and 1714. He told me, as he put in a worm and then a swab, that the siege gun would fire a ball about a mile. If the ball were solid then it was used to knock down ramparts and emplacements, but a cannon in those days could also fire bar and chain shot that would foul the rigging of a ship, or a canister loaded with shot that could foul the rigging of mortal men. Minus shot and shell the siege piece is fired every morning at Williamsburg, signaling the start of the restored colonial day.

Twice a week, each Tuesday and Friday at half after five, the militia musters in all its splendor and, led by the twenty-two members of the fife and drum squad, drumsticks beating on their cord-tied field drums, parades over the grounds. The melodies of "The Road to Boston" and "God Save George Washington" stir the languid Virginia air—well, it *is* languid in spring and summer—and the motley assortment of uniforms passes in review. Except for one stray and obviously beached mariner who marches with the assembly, the militiamen wear tricornered hats, shirtsleeves, and knee britches as if they had just come from field and shop. Indeed they have, for anyone who has spent a day at Williamsburg's craft shops and exhibitions will recognize the wigmakers, bakers, and candlestick makers among the troops.

On May 15, known as Williamsburg's "Prelude to Independence Day" and again on July 4 and December 25, when the Christmas guns are fired, on New Year's Day, and on other special days of moment, the fifes, drums, and troops are out in full glory. On these occasions they are liable to load and fire their own muskets, biting off the powder charges with their teeth, ramming in the charge, pulling back the cock, and letting the whole thing explode, an exercise that I suspect gives the very frights to any company which underwrites their continued well-being. On occasion the muskets are fired together in volleys of joy. The joy was occasioned, in colonial days, by pronouncements of rebellion and independence. The present table for the militia calls for four squads of five men each plus a captain, an ensign, and two sergeants. Historians who have seen them on display think the present company is probably better drilled than the original group on whose records they are based. An Englishman who visited Williamsburg in the eighteenth century watched a militia muster and wrote, ". . . a diversity of weapons and dresses, Unsizableness of the men and Want of the least Grain of Discipline." Service in colonial days was obligatory and a precision drill team was not the motive. The militia was maintained to fight the Indians, repel foreign invasion, and discourage slave revolt.

The presence of the British and the laws and taxes they imposed seemed more and more like a foreign invasion. The Virginians resented the interference in their internal affairs by a distant Parliament, and by 1765 Patrick Henry was discoursing with great daring and conviction against the Stamp Act. The Virginia Declaration of Independence set forth the principle that "all men are by nature equally free and independent," and similarly asserted the fundamental rights of freedom of religion and the press, trial by jury, free elections, and the domination of civil authority over the military. The Virginia Resolution for American Independence was adopted on May 15, 1776, the Declaration of Rights on June 12, both leading up to the Declaration of Independence, largely drafted by Jefferson of Virginia, which, to be sure, was announced on July 4. It is those days from May 15 to July 4, known collectively as the Prelude to Independence, which the Williamsburg militia celebrates with various parades and detonations of period firearms on May 15. All of these events are portrayed daily and continuously in a stunning thirty-five minute film called "The Story of a Patriot" shown in twin theatres at Williamsburg's Information Center. Produced by Paramount Pictures, tne film is shown on a wide screen in theatres ingeniously designed to hide the rows of spectators in front of the viewer and so to transport one into the stirring days that preceded the nation's birth.

When the militia is not marching, and the imagination is not summoning specters of the early days of liberty's emergence, the old colonial capital is the image of serenity. Open barouches driven by a chappie in a tricornered hat roll under the leafy trees that line the old Duke of Gloucester Street. The windmill, patterned after the one owned by William Robertson until his death in 1739, rumbles and flutters and seems, to those who mount its steps, about to

—*G. E. Rossner (Colonial Williamsburg).*

Fife and drum corps—"musick" for the militia.

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take off like some rumbling, creaking barnstorming airplane of the early days of aviation. It does, however, faithfully produce corn meal, whole wheat, cracked wheat, cracked oats, and buckwheat when the wind is blowing, all of which are on sale at the mill.

The drug stores of colonial days were operated by physicians and surgeons who, besides seeing patients in the backroom and occasionally performing an operation on the premises, also were busy up front selling clay pipes, thistle and rose seals for closing letters with a flourish, pomanders for "foul and stinking closets," and bayberry-scented soap which they advertised to be "fit for gentlemen and ladies and of a quality unsurpassed by soaps from Castile or Venice. . . . Users may be confident that this soap will not injure the skin even if applied daily." Cleanliness, then as now, came next to Godliness, and Godliness came on Sundays. Wintergreen-flavored sticks which could be chewed until frayed and used as a flavorful toothbrush, are sold now for five cents. Slippery-elm sticks are variously used for the relief of sore throats and, illegally, to induce abortions.

Williamsburg's apothecary shop is named for Dr. William Pasteur and his assistant, John Minson Galt, a young surgeon who later was decorated for field work in the Revolution. It is Galt's equipment that is arranged now in the doctors' offices in the rear of the shop. For whatever bearing it may have upon those who are currently assaying the banes and the benefits of Medicare, a doctor's visit cost five shillings in the days of Pasteur and Galt, days when a carpenter earned fifty pounds a year, and a suit cost two pounds, three shillings.

THE affectation of the wig was in vogue then as now, although its popularity then was with men, who would shave their head before putting on the hairpiece. Goat and cow hair were widely used, and a plain black or brown one cost about two pounds, five shillings. (A good lady's wig today, so my agents advise me, costs about $300.) In the privacy of their own homes, men whose heads had been shaved for the wig covered their baldness with negligee caps. For all its sophistication, Williamsburg must have appeared to be a rather rustic place to the visiting English who noticed that some colonists would appear in their negligee caps two and three miles from home, a breach of taste which might approximate wearing a dressing gown to the butcher's, and which would never have been countenanced in England.

Even the army issued wigs, and for the *kinder* who want to play colonial today (well, it's an improvement over playing Al Capone), small hairpieces tied with a ribbon and suitable to be worn under a tricornered play hat are available for sale at the wigmaker's. Contrary to public opinion, largely influenced by Gilbert Stuart's portraits, George Washington, the historians of Williamsburg say, never wore a wig. It was his own auburn hair, neatly greased and powdered.

Visitors who put up at the Williamsburg Lodge can live a patrician, if not altogether colonial life. A fine golf course unfolds in back of the place, and a plantation breakfast, the morning I awoke there, offered fried chicken, creamed chipped beef, hot cakes, and grits, all of it preceded by a quick demitasse of strong coffee to open the eye. Rather more of the period are the Brick House Tavern, the Market Square Tavern, and Chiswell where an air-conditioned room fitted with a canopy-covered bed, a bath and shower, and a fireplace, should you have a corner room, are let at anywhere from $8 to $11 the restful night. Eighteenth-century pottery, pictures, and furniture adorn the common rooms of the inns, and so for that matter do fireplaces, ice machines, and soft drinks which are left there on the honor system. It is comforting to know that the Rockefellers trust you.

On several occasions the main salon of the Market Square Tavern, once owned by a tavernkeeper who, in 1775, christened his son George Washington, is given over to gambling. The games are all colonial to be sure, a period when gaming was not considered wicked unless it caused one to neglect his affairs or, for that matter, to lose more money than he could afford. Apprentices, laborers, servants, and students were not invited to the gaming tables, which were largely reserved for gentlemen, but there were two guidebooks to games of chance—the "Compleat Gamester" and Edmond Hoyle's guides to whist and backgammon—on sale at Williamsburg during its prime.

Put was known as "the ordinary rooking game of every place," but lanterlu or "loo" was both faster and considered more genteel. Loo was played fast and loose in England where, in 1768, it is recorded that a lady of quality lost 1,000 guineas. Wagers in America were not so steep and it is recorded, although to what moment I'm not sure, that George Washington when still a young man—it was 1749 to be exact—lost five shillings at loo. Today's gamesters who would spend an evening at the rooking game stand to lose only the price of admission. But then again they stand only to gain a prize awarded to the player who finishes the evening with the most counters. Everybody gets coffee and cake.

As for other evening entertainments, there are both palace concerts and eighteenth-century plays, and since both are offered only in the springtime, I shall not dwell on them beyond saying, for the benefit of those who may visit Willamsburg in other seasons, that "The Rivals" is the favorite theatrical production and that the concerts are performed by artists in costume who work away on the pianoforte, the violoncello, and other strange contraptions which respond with melodies of the seventeenth and eighteenth century.

There are a number of eating places in the neighborhood, and as you might suspect by now, they are pretty much in character. King's Arms Tavern gives you tablecloth-sized napkins, a bit of the gentility of the day. Once the knot is tied under your chin, a waiter in knee socks and buckle shoes fetches the frosted fruit shrub, "sallads of fresh garden stuff," Sally Lunn, green gage plum ice cream, and other specialties of a departed era. Christiana Campbell's specializes in sea foods, having inherited a legacy from the days when giant sturgeon ran the James River, shad ran thick in the tidal streams, striped bass frolicked in the summer surf, and the tables were decorated with roasted oysters, planked shad, crabs in season, flounder, blues, blowfish, eels, and turtles. A regenerated cookbook on hand at Williamsburg these days offers any number of suggestions for preparing fish, among them this for trout: "To fry Trouts you must, with a Knife, gently scrape off all the slime from your fish. . . ."

IN THE Virginia of the late 1700s, there was indeed a Christiana Campbell's, and it attracted burgesses, councillors, and George Washington himself, who, it is attested ate here with frequency. Business declined and finally ceased after the capital was moved to Richmond in 1780, and although it is still there, trade has picked up considerably under the Rockefeller management. The King's Arms, a contemporary of Christiana Campbell's, was operated by one Mrs. Vobe, a "patriotick proprietress," as they put it nowadays at Williamsburg, who supplied food and drink to the insurgent American soldiers. George Washington ate here, too, and so for that matter did Baron Steuben. The good baron ran up a bill of no less than $288.60 for lodging, board, ale, grogg, wine, cyder and tea. The researchers who scraped up that bit of yellowed intelligence don't mention whether the bill was ever met. It might be a matter to take up with Bonn. They've certainly got the money. —HORACE SUTTON.

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Outcasts in a Caldron of Hate

By GRANVILLE HICKS

JAMES BALDWIN's **"Another Country"** (Dial, $5.95) is a novel about love and hate, and more about hate than love. In its totality and with all due allowance for occasional weaknesses in the writing, it is one of the most powerful novels of our time. The complexities of love have seldom been explored more subtly or at greater depth, and perhaps the power of hate has never been communicated with a more terrifying force.

The novel begins with Rufus Scott, a Negro, once a drummer in a jazz band, now penniless and desperate. We go back to Rufus's meeting with a poor white girl from Georgia named Leona, and we follow their relationship as, torn between love and hate, Rufus tortures and degrades Leona until she loses her mind. He is driven to destroy both her and himself, and Baldwin traces the process with relentless fury.

This episode takes less than a hundred pages, but then we are introduced to a variation of its theme. After Rufus's death, Vivaldo Moore, his best friend, falls in love with Rufus's sister Ida. She is as full of hatred of white people as Rufus, and his fate has intensified her bitterness. Her relationship with Vivaldo is not so violent as Rufus's with Leona, but it is ambivalent in the same way, and if the outcome, so far as the novel goes, is not so calamitous, we have no great cause for hope.

These are not the only varieties of love we encounter. Cass and Richard Silenski, older friends of both Rufus and Vivaldo, are at the outset a happily married couple, but Richard achieves success with a second-rate novel, and the disillusioned Cass turns away from him. And there is Eric, an actor who has been living in France. We see him first with Yves, a French boy of the streets to whom he is strongly attached. Later, after his return to New York, while waiting for Yves to join him, he becomes involved in strange ways with Cass and Vivaldo.

Baldwin does not underestimate the power of love, mysterious as its operations seem to be; but it is the power of hate that one really feels as one reads the novel. In certain of the essays in "Nobody Knows My Name" (*SR*, July 1, 1961) Baldwin has said directly enough that Negroes hate white people, and, if anybody needs to ask, he has explained why. It is, however, one thing to say that hatred exists and another to make it palpable, as he so magnificently does in the opening section about Rufus and again in the final account of Ida's confrontation of Vivaldo. Perhaps all Negroes do not feel as Rufus and Ida and Baldwin himself do, but if they don't, he convinces us, they ought to.

His hatred is not limited to the resentment that Negroes so legitimately feel towards the white people who have abused and exploited and scorned and despised them through the centuries. He has painted a Dantesque picture of New York—the heat, the stench, the gross inhumanity. And, rightly or wrongly, he sees New York as the symbol of contemporary American civilization. It is significant that most of his characters are outcasts—Rufus and Ida because they are Negroes, Eric because he is a homosexual, Cass out of disdain for her husband's false values, and Vivaldo because he cannot conceive of self-fulfilment except by way of alienation. The only characters who are willing to exist within the framework of contemporary society are contemptible—Richard Silenski, who welcomes a cheap success, and a cynical and empty impresario named Ellis. American writers, Baldwin argued in an article he wrote for the New York *Times Book Review* last winter, must accept the fact that the United States is becoming a second-rate power. This may be true; but now I can see that, true or not, it is what Baldwin wants to believe.

As I pointed out in my review of "Letting Go" (*SR*, June 16, 1962), Philip Roth also takes a dark view of present-day American civilization; but his discontent seems, in comparison with Baldwin's, no more than a kind of fractiousness, the peevish complaint of a spoiled child. American life in

Baldwin's account is a terrifying barbarism. The very violence of the language he uses is itself an expression of horror; all the words have appeared in print before, but they have never been employed so ruthlessly to express disgust and to inspire disgust. The book itself is and is meant to be an act of violence.

The novel opens with a scene of such intensity that there seems to be nowhere for Baldwin to go, but in fact he matches it again and again. From his very first book, "Go Tell It on the Mountain," it has been clear that he has a fine gift of language, but he has never before come anywhere near the sustained power of "Another Country." There are lapses, to be sure. He describes, for instance, a party given by Cass and Richard Silenski, and the description is almost completely commonplace. Sometimes, when the heat is off, he slips into banality: "'Ah!'—she shrugged merrily, and took a deep drag on her cigarette—'I wasn't consulted.'" Again: "Her face, then, made one think of a mischievous street boy. And at the same time there gleamed in her eyes a marvelously feminine mockery." But when two persons confront one another, whatever their sexes, whatever their color, Baldwin finds the words that will make us feel what they are feeling.

It has to be said, of course, that Baldwin's experience of America is limited, and limited in drastic and terrible ways. He does not know the America I know any better than, if as well as, I know his America. But every writer's experience is limited in one way or another, and the question is simply what he is able to make of it. What Baldwin has to say about contemporary civilization seems to me only partly true, but in so far as it is true at all, it is of the utmost importance. He compels one to participate in a kind of life that is horrible and that is important because it is horrible.

The novel is an explosion, but that does not mean that it is uncontrolled or artless. Baldwin seems to move haphazardly from character to character, but in fact the novel is shaped with rigorous care. Rufus, though he dies on page 88, dominates the whole book. Eric's entry on the scene comes relatively late, but it has been carefully prepared for. The lives of the various characters are closely related, and it is Baldwin's art that makes the relationships seem so natural and uncontrived. He is not only a powerful writer; he has become a skilled craftsman. I hope that, in the controversy the book is bound to arouse, his great gifts as a novelist will not be overlooked.

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Welding Separate, Equal Entities

"The Grand Design: From Common Market to Atlantic Partnership," *by Joseph Kraft (Harper. 122 pp. $2.95), stresses the necessity of bringing our domestic economy into line with the needs of foreign policy. William Diebold, Jr., is director of economic studies of the Council on Foreign Relations.*

By WILLIAM DIEBOLD, Jr.

SHORT books on large problems have always been popular. Their authors must first be quick and brave; after that comes the question whether they are also wise and right. By moving fast, Joseph Kraft has put his book in the vanguard of what is bound to be a long series of writings about Atlantic Community, or Atlantic Partnership, or some other combination of words signifying the future relations between the United States and Western Europe. This is a subject on which it is easy to talk nonsense or to let idealism and sentiment carry the day. Kraft has not done so, and if people will pay attention to this good book they will be helped to see where future problems lie.

The Grand Design, as Kraft sees it, "would bring together in a working Atlantic Partnership two separate but equal entities," the United States and Western Europe, each with special affiliations in other parts of the globe. "By cooperative arrangement, the two partners would first adjust mutual differences; and then, while combining forces to hold Communist aggression in check, apply their manifold strengths to the harmonious development of the Southern continents." Kraft suggests that Atlantic Partnership "is likely to mark, along with the Marshall Plan and NATO, another spectacular leap in this country's remarkable transit from isolation to international engagement."

The theme is in the air; Kraft helps bring it down to earth. He does not elaborate institutional or constitutional proposals. He has little to say about the common heritage. His particular contribution is to stress what he calls the "functional" aspect of Atlantic Partnership—the way in which it both provides a means of tackling some difficult problems and forces Americans to face issues we have collectively pushed aside.

The story begins with the prosaic and politically troublesome decision the Administration had to make last fall about what to do when the Trade Agreements Act expired this summer. Using inside information—which is probably less than complete—Kraft tells an interesting tale of how, rather remarkably, "the Kennedy Administration has found—in foreign trade policy—a functional means for setting the process in motion" by which Atlantic Partnership may be approached. Because it chose to face the full implications of the European Common Market, the Administration and, it now seems likely, the country were able to adopt a set of measures that should bring an end to nearly a decade of stagnation and erosion in trade policy. Putting the new trade policy into effect will, in turn, force the United States to make further decisions about our place in the world and especially about our domestic economy. One important implication was summed up by Under Secretary of State George Ball when he said last November, "The concept that we must protect every American industry against the adjustments required by competition is alien to the spirit of our economy."

This process takes us to the heart of one of Kraft's major contentions: "Deadlocked on most domestic issues, but ready to support bold venture in foreign affairs, American politics has been fixed in incongruity for nearly a quarter-century." Since Roosevelt replaced Dr. New Deal with Dr. Win the War, Kraft argues, "there has been, in effect, a negative majority" that has prevented important advances in legislation. This is an intriguing thought, but does it not put too much of the past in the perspective of the last decade? The focus on legislation seems too narrow; the country lives by more than law making. This picture allows no room for the great changes that have taken place in the United States since 1938: the movement of people and industry; the expansion of production in war and the economic adaptation to peace; the farm revolution; labor's settling into an established place; the progress of racial integration; the changes in the economy wrought by built-in stabilizers, more security, and a different distribution of income, not to mention technological progress.

A more fruitful approach begins with Kraft's parade of the subsidies and protection that have been provided for important parts of the economy, including farmers, shipping, textiles, railroads, aviation, lead, zinc, sugar, and oil. He goes on to speak of the static sector of the American economy (which is not altogether identical with the subsidized sector; agriculture has been very dynamic) and the dangers it poses for the future. More might have been said about the way war and then reconstruction shielded American producers from serious competition for a decade and a half, building up problems of adjustment that have not been fully met since the mid-Fifties. But regardless of which cause is emphasized, Kraft's central issue is posed: the choice between bringing the domestic economy into line with the needs of foreign policy and, quite simply, decline at home and abroad.

Between the story of the trade bill and the posing of the hard choices for the future is a long chapter on "The Prospect Abroad," which explores another dimension of the American position. In a quick review that ranges from nuclear weapons for Europe through aid and trade for developing countries to the need for a more unified response to Soviet pressure, Kraft has no difficulty in showing that close cooperation between the United States and Europe can do much to help meet the problems of the free world.

Enough has been said in Washington in the last nine months to show how important Kraft's theme is. Even if this were a poor book it would deserve attention, since "it could not have been written without the kind cooperation of officials in the Kennedy Administration, and to a certain extent it reflects their views." But Joseph Kraft has done more than act as a transmission belt. He has written a good, enlightening book that makes a forceful case for the contention that "this country's foreign commitments have outpaced its domestic development." It is a stimulating thought that what is emerging in the idea of Atlantic Partnership "is a unifying intellectual principle for the New Frontier . . . a way to get the country moving again."

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The Conservatism of Barry Goldwater

Whether or not anti-Communism prompts Barry Goldwater's entire political philosophy underlies the debate between Raymond Moley and Walter Johnson on the merits of the Arizona Senator's arguments in ***"Why Not Victory? A Fresh Look at American Foreign Policy"*** *(McGraw-Hill. 188 pp. $3.95). Mr. Moley, who wrote "The Republican Opportunity," to be published next September, considers Mr. Goldwater's proposals consistent with this country's conservative tradition; Professor Johnson, author of "1600 Pennsylvania Avenue: Presidents and the People, 1929-1959," is less sanguine about them.*

1. Enemy of Any Compromise

By RAYMOND MOLEY

Barry Goldwater—"a formidable faith."

THE JUNIOR Senator from Arizona is the most authentic conservative in the political life of this generation of Americans. He is more mistrustful of centralized federal power, more philosophical and less legalistic, more articulate, and by the grace of nature possessed of far more personal appeal than was the late Senator Taft. His conservative philosophy rests upon a broader base than that of Herbert Hoover and more nearly conforms to the Anglo-American conservative tradition. For, despite the distorted image of the thirty-first President that has been created, much of the New Deal was rooted in policies initiated by Roosevelt's predecessor.

When Goldwater entered the Senate in 1953 it was deemed quite inexpedient to bear the label "conservative." Even intellectuals who were devoid of political ambition but who opposed the Roosevelt-Truman policies were hesitant about accepting the designation. They liked to call themselves liberals in the nineteenth-century sense of the term, not realizing how completely that revered label had been distorted by the adherents of measures which, a century before, liberals had vigorously opposed. But Goldwater declared himself to be a conservative while Dwight Eisenhower and others were searching for meaningless qualifying adjectives such as "modern," "progressive," and "constructive." Now, nine years later, conservatism has become a formidable and respected faith embraced by countless thousands of Americans. No one has done more to make this change possible than Barry Goldwater.

I don't know how much Goldwater has read of those who created the conservative tradition in Britain and the United States, such as Burke, Madison, Hamilton, Acton, and Disraeli. But, either by knowledge or instinct, he conforms to that philosophy. It may help to explain not only Goldwater but the conservative tradition itself to specify some of its cardinal tenets:

1. The conservative tradition tells us that there are distinct limits to the capacity of men in that aggregate carelessly called democracy to use government for their permanent welfare. The conservative looks back over sixty centuries and learns that men have not been able to retain free institutions for long. Ultimately, their greed, naïveté, and jealousies have betrayed them to the dictator or swallowed them in chaos.

2. The present-day liberal shares with the conservative this restricted appraisal of man's capability. But the liberal and conservative differ in their method of meeting the problem. The modern liberal would place ever-enlarging restrictions through government upon the individual. He would, through an elite, lead him, cajole him, bribe him with benefits. The conservative believes in letting the individual learn the hard way, through freedom, to make mistakes and rue them and profit from them. The liberal rests his case upon man in the mass; the conservative has a distrust in majorities, and especially in majorities that are really congeries of minorities.

3. The Constitution of the United States was created in the image of the conservative tradition. The men who made the Constitution regarded man, as Cornelia LeBoutellier has put it, as "a good sort, but a sort who 'wants watching.'" This is why the conservative tradition sought so diligently to protect the citizen against the fallible nature of those who direct his government and against men in the mass.

4. The conservative recognizes the perils of impulse and ill-considered action. From this attitude is derived the devices for delay and deliberation in legislative processes and the limitations upon Executive power.

5. In his dedication to progress in a world of change the conservative yields nothing to the modern liberal. But in his measures for reform, he holds to broad and, to him, immutable patterns proved by experience.

6. In a political context the conservative is obligated to keep things from "getting worse." A minority party is an opposition party, and to the conservative opposition means to oppose what runs counter to his concept of what is just, possible, and, in the long term, in the interest of the nation and the individual.

7. Above all, the conservative abhors violence in attaining domestic reforms.

The foregoing observations on the conservative tradition are not so specified in Goldwater's first book, "The Conscience of a Conservative." They are the responsibility of this reviewer. They are stated here, however, to support the conclusion that Goldwater

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follows these principles in his political choices and in everything that he says. It is a gross injustice and inaccuracy to associate him with what are called the "extremists of the right." Their method encourages violence, at least in language, in political life at home and reckless abandon in American policy in the world. They are not conservative at all. Their radical dissent denies them recognition in the American two-party tradition. Goldwater, in his remarkable speech before the Republican convention in 1960, dedicated himself to the interests of his party as the rational means of achieving conservative ends.

In his new book, "Why Not Victory?," there is nothing of the fanaticism of those who would completely identify conservatism with opposition to Communism. It is a reasoned analysis of the failures of foreign policy under the party that he opposes, the party of Roosevelt, Truman, and Kennedy. This is the right and responsibility of any Republican. His critique of the United Nations and of our foreign aid is no stronger in tone than that of Democrats like Senators Fulbright and Jackson. His indictment of the policies of the Kennedy Administration in Cuba, the Congo, Laos, and Vietnam is no more forceful than those of Democrats like Senator Dodd and others.

Goldwater's position is squarely against that of those who believe that Communism, in a softened form, and the free world, by adopting a modified Marxism, will meet in amity in some future era of good will. To him Communism is morally, politically, and spiritually the antithesis of free institutions. There must be total victory in the war against it. While he recognizes that a shooting war is not inevitable, he believes that such a war will be less likely if we show no spirit of compromise. He believes that safety lies not through the United Nations but in powerful regional alliances or confederations among free nations. We should, he believes, provide aid only to those nations and peoples who reject Communism. And in our dealings with the world seek popularity if possible but always respect. Certainly his record as a supporter of adequate and wholly modern defense needs no comment.

Although he would disagree with Theodore Roosevelt on domestic issues, with respect to America's position in the world Goldwater is in the Republican tradition of T. R.: both men have been the enemies of muddy optimism.

As a busy public figure, Goldwater frankly acknowledges assistance in composing this book. However, it is not in anything he has written for publication with such help, but in his unpremeditated debate on the Senate floor and in his extemporaneous public addresses that the genuine Goldwater is revealed. And it is the figure of an authentic statesman.

2. *Friend of the "Total Concept"*

By WALTER JOHNSON

THE SUBTITLE of "Why Not Victory?" is inaccurate. It should be: "A Simplistic Look at American Foreign Policy." Mr. Goldwater speaks for those Americans who are unable to accept the complicated adjustments necessary for survival and progress in our time. The issue is clear and simple to him: the enemy is Communism, and we cannot co-exist with it. Moreover, he writes, "Our job, first and foremost, is to persuade the enemy that we would rather follow the world to Kingdom Come than consign it to Hell under Communism." No leaders in the Administrations of Truman, Eisenhower, or Kennedy have supported consigning the world to "Hell under Communism." Being responsible people, they have tried through the containment policy to avoid blowing the world into "Kingdom Come."

The Communist movement, in Senator Goldwater's view, is monolithic. He ignores, for instance, Sino-Soviet differences; Yugoslavia's brand of national Communism he dismisses, since the enemy is "Communist ideology and power and must be opposed with a total concept. . . ." "Total concept" is never really defined in concrete terms, nor does the Senator identify those "nuclear philosophers" who he states believe that "no matter what happens we cannot use the bomb." He points to no important government leader who holds this position. Then he warns correctly that "the surest path to nuclear war is for us to lull Russia into the misconception that we will never use the nuclear weapons." But has not President Kennedy dispelled any such misconception? It is interesting that Senator Goldwater avoids discussing the danger that Soviet leaders, frightened by the first-strike talk of our preemptive warriors, might unleash the nuclear holocaust by trying to beat us to it.

Throughout his discussion, the Arizona Senator revels in the fundamentalist-revivalistic technique of using emotion-laden words to describe his opponents. His newspaper foes are "radicals"; critics of the U-2 incident are "spiritless"; and those who favored limited war in Korea are "fear-mongers." An example of how he distorts his opponent's position occurs when he charges that Senator Fulbright has joined those who state that "either you accommodate the Soviet Union—or you fight a nuclear war." In Fulbright's speech of June 29, 1961, he advocated negotiations to ascertain whether there was ground for a *mutual* accommodation between the West and Russia. But apparently, like Humpty Dumpty, Goldwater believes that "When I use a word it means just what I choose it to mean—nothing more nor less."

Senator Goldwater feels that, while the idea of disarmament is a "beautiful one," at this point "the disarmament concept is an effective weapon in the hands of the Communists and a danger to the freedom of mankind." If the United Nations should admit Red China, he proposes our ending all financial and political support of the organization. He charges that the "allegedly" uncommitted nations have been pro-Soviet, and he contends that our foreign aid "has not yielded results." (Yet Western Europe, aided by the Marshall Plan, is stronger and freer today than at any time since 1914.)

Senator Goldwater has a number of other "clear, unescapable truths" for our delectation. According to his uncomplicated view of foreign policy, everything must be subordinated to victory over Communism. Therefore, if granting self-determination to Algeria means that it might join the "Sino-Soviet orbit, then Algerian freedom must be postponed." In Africa we cannot acquiesce in independence where this "means Communist domination or a return to savagery." He proposes an African Protectorate administered by an association of Western nations—not by the United Nations. He is pro-Katanga and dismisses the central government of the Congo as "neutralist," one that will "become more and more pro-Communist."

While Goldwater recognizes the revolution of rising expectations sweeping Latin America, he asserts that the common people must be persuaded that they should no longer consider their church "an obstacle to their progress." If many Latin Americans feel otherwise after 400 years of experience, what makes the author think such persuasion is possible?

Priority in aid, he contends, should be accorded to "socially responsible capitalism" and to governments "most

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dedicated to progress toward truly representative democracy." In how many countries is there "socially responsible capitalism"? The power of the landed oligarchies—with money in Swiss banks—is an entrenched bulwark against economic progress. Goldwater also contends that under no circumstances should we support projects that promote Socialism, since this is likely to lead to Communism. Although he never defines Socialism, Mexico with its land reform and central government planning of economic investment—hardly a Goldwater "free enterprise democracy"—is one of the few spots in Latin America where there is expanding opportunity and responsible government. And when the Senator approves of Trujillo and the present government in Guatemala, it is obvious that, despite his words, the type of government he favors stands steadfast against the social and economic change necessary to provide Latin Americans with real justice and freedom. Latin America is on the verge of breaking out of the nineteenth century; what the Senator proposes would check this and make Latin America even more fertile territory for the appeal of the Communists.

The Senator is irate over our failure to rid Cuba of Castro and is enamored with the unilateral interventions under Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson. If the Organization of American States refuses to move in against further Communist expansion, then he recommends unilateral action by the United States. He dismisses with contempt possible objections by any Latin American government. Ultimately, "they must realize that we are fighting their battle as well as our own." Furthermore, it is false, the Senator contends, that Communism is spawned by such things as poverty and disease. Rather, "Communism is spawned by Communists, and Communists alone." Mr. Goldwater never addresses himself to what makes people Communists in the first place. Nor does he realize that the revolution of rising expectations and anti-colonial feelings in Asia, Africa, and Latin America would be present even if Marx and Lenin had never existed.

Senator Goldwater has strewn dogmatic assertions throughout this volume. It is clear that this Un-Modern Republican has not thought through the responsibilities and nuances entailed in world leadership.

Blueprint For Surrender?

WHEN **"The Liberal Papers"** became a best-seller and political storm center several months ago, no one was more startled than the publishers, Anchor Books. "After all," says Anchor editor Pyke Johnson, Jr., "we figure that a paperback made up of foreign-policy monographs is doing pretty well if it sells 3,000 copies a year." Instead, "The Liberal Papers" has in four months sold more than 30,000 copies at $1.25 each, is turning over briskly at 1,200 copies a week, and has recently been brought out by Quadrangle Books in hard covers at $5 the copy.

Oddly, this phenomenal showing is traceable not to Anchor's promotion effort, but to publicity supplied by the Republican Party. Long before the anthology was published, Congressional Republicans had scented an election issue in the activities of a group of ten House Democrats, who were asking various liberal thinkers to suggest fresh approaches to the problems of foreign policy. Among the scholars who contributed to this "Liberal Project" were David Riesman, James Warburg, Walter Millis, Quincy Wright, and Vera Micheles Dean. When twelve of the Liberal Project essays were published last March as "The Liberal Papers," the Republicans charged that the volume's contributors, the sponsoring Congressmen, and by extension the Administration itself had an attitude on Communism that was softer than the book's paper covers.

In a speech to his colleagues, Senator Barry Goldwater accused the essayists of saying in effect, "Keep giving in, keep yielding. Don't oppose the Communists. Don't make them angry." He added, "I hope every American will read this book, so that he can fully understand what we in Washington who are dedicated to victory for our way of life are confronted with today."

Senator Everett Dirksen likewise discovered in the book themes of appeasement, unilateral disarmament, and surrender. If the twelve essayists had their way, he charged, the U.S. would work for Red China's admission to the U.N., West Germany would be stripped of all armed forces, and NATO would be degraded into an association comprising only the United States, Canada, and Great Britain. The Liberal anthology might therefore, said the Senator, better have been entitled "Our American Munich."

Other Republicans were quick to supply more new titles, including "Suicide on the Instalment Plan," "The Yellow Book," and "Blueprint for Surrender." Presently William Miller, national chairman of the Republican Party, sent to party workers all over the country a memo suggesting that attacks on "The Liberal Papers" be made a pivot of Republican strategy in the forthcoming Congressional campaigns.

Confronted by this specter, some Liberal Project Representatives remained steadfast, some wavered, and most fled in disarray. One Midwestern Congressman, taxed with having supported the Liberal Project, was quoted as saying, "I never met with this group and discussed policy. Never. Never. Never. Never. Never." Another Democratic Congressman threatened to sue for libel when someone "accused" him of sponsoring the book.

In response to Republican criticism, Representative James Roosevelt, editor of "The Liberal Papers," has protested that the book is a sincere, quite unofficial attempt to provide a leaven of new ideas: "Personally, I felt that many of the ideas both in foreign policy and

in domestic policy were ideas fashioned for another time and for other problems. . . . The ominously dangerous political climate caused us to call on intellectuals whose ideas were uncommon or provocative."

Sociologist David Riesman, a "Liberal Papers" contributor, has said, "Efforts to discover alternatives to nuclear war . . . are proposals not for accepting Communist policy but for learning how to inhabit the same planet. . . . It will be a sad day for America when a Congressman can get in trouble because he has read a book."

Meanwhile, it is reported that Republican strategists are preparing a campaign brochure made up of "damaging" quotations from the book. It looks as if "The Liberal Papers" is going to be a prominence on the political skyline for a long time to come.

—HALLOWELL BOWSER.

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After the Manchus, Evil-doing and Violence

"The Lane of Eternal Stability," by K. C. Wu *(Crown. 479 pp. $4.95), exemplifies in its story of twentieth-century China the Biblical precept "They have sown the wind, and they shall reap the whirlwind." An associate professor of Chinese at Columbia University, C. T. Hsia wrote "A History of Modern Chinese Fiction, 1917-1957."*

By C. T. HSIA

IN INFORMED American circles Dr. K. C. Wu is generally respected as an able and liberal-minded Chinese administrator who has served with distinction in three demanding positions: as mayor of the wartime capital Chungking, as postwar mayor of Shanghai, and, following the retreat of the Nationalist government to its island bastion, as governor of Formosa (1949-53). Now, in his temporary retirement, he has written a big novel that attempts to tell the essential history of China in the first half of the present century. It is an extremely ambitious undertaking, one which in less able hands would be foredoomed to failure.

But Dr. Wu has been able to bring to his task his Princeton-trained competence as a political scientist, his intimate knowledge of Kuomintang and Communist politics, and, above all, his uncompromising Christian and Confucian convictions with which to test the tragic futility of fifty years of revolutionary endeavor. At a time when studies of modern China have become increasingly vitiated by intellectual neutralism, Dr. Wu's compelling novel is especially welcome for its unapologetic affirmation of spiritual values too often ignored by China specialists.

The main characters in the novel all begin as residents of the Lane of Eternal Stability in the northern city Yi. Of these, three members of the Ho family, each typifying the moral and political endeavor of his generation, receive special attention: the retired Manchu minister Ho Tao, an upright Confucian who is nevertheless quite appreciative of the Christian gospel; his son Ho Fucho, a revolutionary patriot whose assassination in 1927 marks the decidedly cruel and cynical turn Chinese politics has taken since the death of his master Sun Yat-sen; the old man's grandson Ho Ta-kong, who begins his career as a student leader in the May Fourth Movement and ends as a top-ranking Communist in the new regime.

With massive evidence the novel supports the irrefutable thesis that any revolutionary enterprise which justifies unrighteous means for the attainment of supposedly righteous ends is doomed to tragic failure because it inevitably fails the Confucian-Christian ideals. When, following the nominal success of the Republican Revolution of 1911, Ho Fucho emerges as a revolutionary leader, his father is profoundly shocked not merely because of his own unwavering loyalty to the Manchu throne but because, as a conspirator, his son has betrayed his integrity by his willing collusion with evil elements. To Dr. Holt, the American missionary who pleads for his son's cause, Ho Tao prophesies, "I see nothing for China but endless deceptions and treacheries, endless evil-doing, and endless violence. It will be as your Holy Book says, 'They have sown the wind, and they shall reap the whirlwind.'"

IN his disillusionment with Fucho, the dying patriarch places his hope in his grandson but, of course, it is Ta-kong and his generation with their well-meaning submission to the Communist will that have made the old man's prophecy a devastating reality. Even before he has heard of Communism, the student leader Ta-kong is already compromising with his ideals in his unscrupulous manipulation of the masses for the supposed interests of patriotism. His sworn brother Lan Yuwen, a Christian idealist and liberal intellectual very much after the author's heart, warns him: "Idealism is whole and indivisible. We talk about Righteousness. Can we fulfill our righteous purpose by committing unrighteous deeds ourselves? We talk about Justice. Can we be called just when we stoop to injustices?"

If Dr. Wu has a firm grasp of the tragedy of modern Chinese history, his novel, though always interesting and in some long sections quite gripping, is not conceived in terms of a tragedy. Compared with such relentless probers of revolutionary futility as Dostoevsky and Conrad, the author appears too good-hearted a Confucian and too sanguine a Christian to drain the last agonizing irony from potentially tragic situations; very often he steps in to save the good characters and punish the wicked. In that respect his novel is a providential romance in the traditional manner of Chinese fiction.

—Wide World.

". . . the tragic futility of fifty years of revolutionary endeavor."

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Heelprints on Hollywood and Vine

"The Big Laugh," by John O'Hara *(Random House. 308 pp. $4.95), concerns a cinematic cad and his comeuppance. Arthur Marx is the author of several books, as well as a number of magazine articles about Hollywood.*

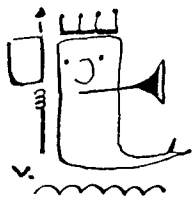
By ARTHUR MARX

THIS seems to be the type of fare that major novelists sometimes dash off between major novels, either in pursuit of a "fast buck" or merely to satisfy reader and publisher demands that they turn out books at regular intervals, regardless of the quality. But whichever is the case here (and I seriously doubt if it's the former, since at last count Mr. O'Hara had taken well over a million dollars out of the movie business, which he so callously knocks in this novel), it is quite apparent that "The Big Laugh" isn't one of his major efforts.

In "The Big Laugh" O'Hara tells the story of Hubert Ward, the handsome but slightly caddish son of a New Jersey bank embezzler, who rises from obscurity to movie stardom by capitalizing on his biggest asset—ruthlessness. He has some acting talent too (although the character as Mr. O'Hara paints him is so hazy you can't be sure), but it's his penchant for being an unmitigated heel that gets him to the top. Through blackmail he coerces a director into giving him his first acting job on Broadway. After that it's just a question of time and some fancy scene stealing before Hubert winds up in Hollywood, where he eventually becomes a full-fledged movie star. But do success and maturity change Hubert Ward? Certainly not. Hubert Ward remains the same selfish heel of old, double-crossing business acquaintances by day and seducing best friends' wives by night. Indirectly, in fact, he is even responsible for the death of one of his good friends, a movie tycoon. Nevertheless, remorse doesn't set in until Hubert falls in love with Nina, a beautiful society girl from the East, who tames him, marries him, and makes him into a model husband. In fact, Hubert turns into such a paragon of respectability that Nina becomes bored with him and runs off with someone else, which is, I suppose, the irony of it all.

The trouble with "The Big Laugh" is not that its central character is a heel. After all, "Pal Joey" was about a heel, and the book was delightful. What hurts this narrative is that Hubert Ward never comes to life. None of the characters do, for that matter, but it is more noticeable in the case of Ward, perhaps because he is an actor. To reach the top of their profession, actors must have a certain amount of verve and personality that add up to a thing called charm—even if it's a phony charm. And in order to write about them successfully, one must be able to convey this to the reader. This O'Hara fails to do. In fact, he seems to have little or no insight into an actor's character. It isn't enough to make Hubert a heel. God knows, plenty of movie stars are heels. But plenty of heels aren't movie stars. And that's what's mainly wrong with "The Big Laugh." Ward's a cipher, whom you never get to know or understand. And no matter how often O'Hara refers to him as a successful actor, you don't for a moment believe that this colorless figure could be successful on the stage, or on the screen, or even in a bedroom, where he spends a great deal of time, as do most O'Hara heroes.

Another of the book's shortcomings is O'Hara's handling of the Hollywood background, which seems curiously old-fashioned and cliché ridden. Granted, the main part of the narrative takes place in the Thirties. But even in the Thirties, when Hollywood was in its most Rabelaisian period, there was more to the picture business than drunken orgies at Malibu, illiterate producers and agents, and nymphomaniac actresses. There were quite a few serious-minded, talented people working in the studios as well, including Mr. O'Hara, who ought to have a better memory.



GOOD BOY GONE BAD: Carlo Cassola, first presented to the American reading public two years ago with his "Fausto and Anna," comes before us this time with his Strega prizewinning novel, **"Bébo's Girl"** (Pantheon, $4.50). For those who may not know, it should be said that the Strega prize is an honorable one; as in all competitions the award does not always meet with the general approval of critics and readers, but it has rarely gone to a really unworthy work. And Cassola's novel certainly has its virtues.

It is a simple story of simple people. Teen-age Mara, of peasant stock and daughter of a Communist, meets Bébo, fresh from his triumphant career as a partisan. Though Bébo is a "good boy," shy, unassuming, and courageous, the habits of violence he has picked up in his guerrilla campaigns are hard to eradicate. He commits murder and flees the country, but in the end returns to take his medicine: a stiff sentence in prison that gives him ample time to reflect on his own errors and on the sins of the comrades who have perverted his character. The book's focus, however, is not on Bébo, but on his sweetheart Mara and her dilemma—a cruel one for such a young and somewhat shallow girl. Should she stick to Bébo and sacrifice the years of her youth, or should she, understandably if callously, give him up and look for a new life?

It is, in essence, an old, old story without any particularly new variations, dealing with uncomplicated and almost primitive characters. There are virtues in this sort of tale: the personalities emerge clearly, like old-fashioned silhouettes; the story line moves on logically and at a good tempo; the prose has a directness and straightforwardness that are refreshing in these days of sophisticated experiment. Yet are these virtues enough? Some readers will find the central characters too obvious to be very interesting. In cold fact, Bébo is not very bright and certainly behaves like a delinquent; Mara, for all the nobility of her ultimate decision, is rather limited herself and not without a certain vulgarity. The substance of the plot also seems a little out of date. This kind of story should have been written in 1950, when the memory of partisan violence was fresh and one could participate more fully in the emotions of the characters.

Having said all this, I am obliged to add that I read the book with pleasure. The narrative carried me along, and Cassola has a kind of honesty in his outlook that engages the reader's respect. "Bébo's Girl," unpretentious though it be, is well worth reading. Marguerite Waldman, who has translated it faithfully, has changed the original "Bube" to "Bébo"—understandably perhaps, though I am puzzled by the accent mark.

—THOMAS G. BERGIN.

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The Fare Was Glue and Candles

***"The Siege of Leningrad," by Leon Goure** (Stanford University Press. 363 pp. $6.95), amplifies with material and services statistics the human story of the 900 days when the Russian city was pincered by the Nazis. Alexander Werth was the only British correspondent to be allowed to visit Leningrad (his birthplace) during the blockade, and published the first book-length account of it.*

By ALEXANDER WERTH

THE SIEGE of Leningrad, a city of three million people, which lasted from August 1941 to January 1944, is one of the grimmest and, at the same time, most heroic episodes in the whole history of World War II. In terms of human suffering it is comparable to the Nazi extermination camps, but it was a different kind of suffering: with the city practically surrounded on all sides, thousands, in the midst of their own people, died of hunger every day for at least four months (November 1941 to February 1942), and of the after-effects of hunger for several subsequent months. When I was in Leningrad in 1943—the German lines and the heavy guns, which continued to shell the city, still only a few miles away—the people, now reduced to a bare half-million through death and evacuation, never failed to recall the appalling nightmare of the winter of 1941-42, when the snowbound streets were littered with hundreds of people who had collapsed and died of hunger. I remember talking to factory executives who would tell how old laborers would come to their workshop, knowing they would die that very day, but wanting to save their families "all the trouble of a funeral." At that time people were still reticent about the number of people who had actually died of hunger (apart from the much smaller number killed by German bombs and shells); they spoke of "a few hundred thousand." At the Nuremberg Trial the Russian prosecution mentioned more than 600,000; when I was in Moscow two years ago, Shostakovich (who was in Leningrad during the earlier stages of the siege, firewatching and composing his "Leningrad Symphony") told me that in reality 900,000 had died. Mr. Goure puts the figure even higher—about a million, or perhaps even 1,200,000. People ate incredible "substitutes" at the height of the famine—carpenter's glue, candle grease, cattlecake (if they could find it), and, of course, all the cats and dogs, and there were even some known cases of cannibalism, when pieces of flesh were cut off dead bodies.

The German advance on Leningrad between June and August 1941 was fantastically rapid and, despite desperate efforts made to halt it (hundreds of thousands of Leningraders were sent to dig trenches at both distant and close approaches to the city), the Nazis were outside Leningrad about August 20. A story told about those desperate days (Mr. Goure does not mention it) is that Voroshilov, who was Commander-in-Chief of the Leningrad sector, thought the city lost, and went into the firing line in the hope of being killed by a German bullet or shell. The army was bordering on chaos, and it was General Zhukov, whom Stalin rushed to Leningrad, who within three days reorganized the Russian forces there and saved the city in the nick of time. (Zhukov himself confirmed the story to me in Berlin in 1945.) Without mentioning this, Mr. Goure argues that the Germans could still have taken Leningrad if, at the beginning of September, Hitler had not decided to switch most of the panzer forces outside Leningrad to the south for the "final" offensive against Moscow. He thought that by encircling Leningrad he could starve it into submission and save his army a costly street-by-street and house-by-house battle, which he (correctly) assumed the Russians would fight if the Germans broke into the city.

HITLER was quite pathological about Leningrad and was determined (as he said on several occasions) to wipe it literally off the face of the earth. No doubt the Russians did not know this at the time, but I still feel that Mr. Goure makes a little too much of stories of widespread defeatism in Leningrad in August and September, as well as of his rather dubious (mostly émigré) information to the effect that many Leningraders thought it couldn't be worse under the Germans, and might even be better. There is no doubt that there were both bewilderment and despair in the city, but it is difficult to share Mr. Goure's surprise that there were no riots, either then or later, in favor of surrender to the Germans. There was in the city not only a Russian but a specifically Leningrad patriotism, which made this utterly impossible—all the more so, as Mr. Goure rightly points out, because at no point was the army defending Leningrad showing any signs of "disloyalty," even when the troops were starving, during those terrible winter months of 1941-42.

What is certain is that the population's attitude toward their leaders was critical: the rapid German advance was largely blamed on the inefficiency of the Red Army command; and what struck me most forcibly in 1943 was the total absence in Leningrad of a "Stalin cult"; few pictures of Stalin were to be seen anywhere; he was an "outsider." More numerous were the pictures of Zhdanov, who was credited with having organized the "road of life" through a narrow gap in the blockade across the ice of Lake Ladoga—a road along which, despite incredible difficulties, first a trickle and then a flow of supplies came to the besieged city between November 1941 and the following spring. During the summer, ships and barges continued the work.

Mr. Goure's book is an admirable piece of research. He describes in the minutest detail both the outstanding successes and many tragic failures in the organization of the defense of Leningrad—the success of the Ice Road, and the authorities' appalling unpreparedness for a long siege. Whether, in the circumstances, they could be charged with "totalitarian" callousness in allowing a million people to die of hunger is a moot point; what alternative was there?

The human story of the siege of Leningrad is well known, but what Mr. Goure has done so outstandingly well is to describe the material and statistical background, as it were, of this amazing story of human suffering and endurance: factors like food rationing, fuel, light, electric power, industrial activity, communications with the Russian "mainland," and so on at the various stages of the 900-day siege. Without necessarily agreeing with all its conclusions, this is still a book I recommend most emphatically both to the student and the general reader.

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Refinements for a Fiendish Device

"Reserve Forces and the Kennedy Strategy," by George Fielding Eliot *(Stackpole. 77 pp. $2.75), foresees many situations in which a ready infantry brigade would be valuable. Walter Millis has written several books on the military, among them "Arms and Men" and "The Martial Spirit."*

By WALTER MILLIS

UNTIL RECENTLY the mobilizable mass reserve army was a fiendish device. First perfected by the Germans in 1870, it was a principal cause of the illimitable disasters of 1914-18; but developing military technology began to call it in question before 1945, and it is largely out of place in the nuclear age. Nevertheless, with the tenacity of most military institutions it is still with us, leaving the military policy-makers in most modern states wrestling with the complicated problems of fitting the concept to times in which it is an anachronism.

The current symptom in this country is Secretary McNamara's battle to reduce the National Guard and Army Reserve by some eight "combat" divisions and 58,000 men on drill-pay. Fielding Eliot's compact little essay seems intended as ammunition for the National Guard in this struggle, and to me suffers from the usual defects of service controversy: exaggerated claims, untested assumptions as to the true role of military power in international politics, provision against extremes of possible "emergency" that are most unlikely to emerge. At the same time, it is the most informative discussion of the reserve question that I have seen, and contains a great deal of useful data on Army strategic concepts, Army organization, the structure of the Army reserve forces, and the peculiar problems of recruitment, training, and weaponing to which they are subject. For some of this one has to read between the lines; and Eliot's is hardly the final word on the current controversy. But is invaluable for one who wants to know what it is all about.

Eliot's proposed answer to the reserve problem (which by implication is the answer the Army high command would give if it were permitted publicly to oppose Administration policy) makes a good deal of sense if, but only if, one can accept the underlying assumptions as to the numbers and degree of readiness required of our conventional ground forces. It would provide for the present sixteen active Army divisions, eight abroad and eight in the "strategic reserve" at home. It would divide the National Guard into three echelons of eight divisions each. The first echelon would be "high priority," so manned and weaponed as to be combat ready in four to eight weeks, and would serve as a "back-up" to move into the strategic reserve as its regular troops were called out for "emergency" abroad. The second echelon would have a readiness status of nine to ten weeks, the third of eleven to sixteen weeks, while eight additional Army Reserve divisions could provide a fourth echelon with a readiness of seventeen to twenty-four weeks. This basic framework is supplemented with much sensible, if rather technical, detail as to support troops, weaponing, recruitment, the better distribution of the military obligation, and other complicated matters. It would all cost a lot of money—especially for new weapons—but seems a logical structure for a mass reserve system if a mass reserve system is what we really want or need in a thermonuclear age.

Here one's doubts persist. The extensive possible "missions" foreseen for our conventional forces often have an unreal sound. As a minor example, Eliot remarks that the Puerto Rican National Guard brigade should "probably" be maintained in first echelon status "while the Cuban situation continues critical." Of what real use would a ready reserve infantry brigade in Puerto Rico be when vastly greater military potentials have already proved inapplicable to the Cuban situation? That "flexibility of response" that a great mobilizable Army reserve allegedly would give us does not, when one tries it out on the actual international world, seem so flexible after all.

June 6th Appointment in Normandy

"Night Drop: The American Airborne Invasion of Normandy," by S. L. A. Marshall *(Atlantic-Little, Brown. 415 pp. $6.50), tells of the men, from generals to privates, who landed in France in the pre-dawn hours of D-day. Quentin Reynolds reported from the fighting fronts as a foreign correspondent during the Second World War.*

By QUENTIN REYNOLDS

EVER since World War II ended we have been deluged with books written by retired generals. In most cases, it was apparent that the general-turned-author approached his typewriter with an armful of axes to grind. If his division, corps, or army had suffered major defeats the general, more often than not, was not only ready with excuses but with a scapegoat. As a rule, generals are not distinguished for any sense of objectivity.

Brigadier-General S. L. A. Marshall, who has been both professional soldier and professional writer for many years, is a refreshing exception. His "Night Drop" is not only authentic and objective; it is beautifully written. It is his sixteenth book on modern warfare, and probably the one that will retain the most attention.

A man who served two years as a private in the Sixth Infantry Regiment of the Illinois Volunteers during the Puerto Rican campaign in 1898 was so impressed with "Night Drop" that he requested the privilege of writing a preface to the book. It is a very remarkable preface by a very remarkable former infantry private named Carl Sandburg

> When the American soldier [Sandburg writes] gets the worst of it in these Normandy actions, Marshall tells us. When the Americans show bravery, hardihood and quick wit, Marshall tells us. . . . There are a few slow knuckleheads, but mostly they look bright, fast and handy in nearly all the actions herein from page to page. Should I meet a young fellow just tagged for the draft and saying to me, "I want to read about war," I will tell him, "You can get it here in this book 'Night Drop.' You will get action from page to page, all kinds of action having surprises." . . . Here and there in my library are books that I have read from beginning to end, but these

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are books that every once in a while I must take down and taste of a page or two. As long as I live I will every once in a while be taking this book down to taste of it for five or ten minutes or maybe a half hour.

And so . . . move on through the book and meet a highly companionable man who rates among many of us as the greatest of writers on modern war.

Mr. Sandburg's words are sure to be echoed by all who read this book. "Night Drop" concerns itself with the men of the 82nd and 101st Airborne Divisions who were parachuted or who glided into Normandy behind Utah Beach several hours before dawn on June 6, 1944. Their mission was to establish a firm foothold for the invading army. The operation started badly when hundreds of men and many gliders landed in flooded marshes which had not shown up on aerial photographs. Many drowned, and a huge amount of precious material was lost. In the darkness men stumbled inland, hoping to find their units, which were scattered all over. Small groups gathered under any officer who happened to loom out of the night.

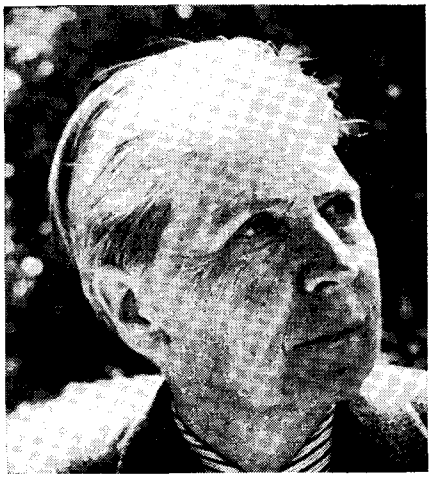
GENERAL MARSHALL had been assigned to be combat historian of this operation. During the days and weeks after D-day he interviewed hundreds of the men who had taken part in it. He wrote his tactical combat report (intelligible only to military experts), and then wove these interviews into this book. Its fascination lies in the fact that it is a story primarily about men—not about tactics.

You meet men such as Harrison Summers, "a slender, quietly bashful soldier, Laughing Boy in uniform," who before morning had killed sixty-five Germans. You are introduced to tough Captain Ben Schwartzwalder (now football coach at Syracuse University), and to men like J. Lawton Collins, Matt Ridgeway, Maxwell D. Taylor, James Van Fleet, Slim Jim Gavin, and Anthony McAulliffe, all shouldering the first major commands of what were to be illustrious combat careers. But mostly you meet the ordinary paratroopers and, because of General Marshall's skill, you get to know them well, and often suffer with them during those first awful days. They seem almost a race apart. General Marshall writes:

> The average American paratrooper is born south of the tracks, and such gentleness as he knows in childhood comes of the love of his family. He volunteers for jumping because he yearns for bigger country and a little prestige. They get it in the service, and nigh invariably they return to civil walks the steadiest of citizens.

PERSONAL HISTORY

Biography of an Attitude



Bryher—"'spoiled' in a unique way."

"The Heart to Artemis: A Writer's Memoirs," by Bryher *(Harcourt, Brace & World. 307 pp. $5.75), chronicles an unusual childhood followed by years as an "eternal wanderer on the periphery" of intellectual society. James Gray is author of "On Second Thought," a collection of literary essays.*

By JAMES GRAY

AUTOBIOGRAPHY is the most tempting and the most perilous of literary forms. Confession may lead deep into confusion rather than high into the light of understanding. It is not even necessarily good for the soul. The most conspicuous confessor of all time, Jean-Jacques Rousseau, comprehended his own tragedy less well at the end of a long, painful experiment in self-examination than he did at the start. The more vehemently he insists that his emotions were strong, the more clearly he reveals to the modern reader that they were pitifully weak; each time this self-conscious romantic clasps his heart and declares that love ruled his life, the more embarrassingly does he expose the truth—that the animating impulse of all his relationships was spite. It is no wonder that one of the most audacious of geniuses, George Bernard Shaw, resolutely rejected the temptations of autobiography. No one, he once wrote by way of explanation, could tell the truth about marriage unless he hated his wife.

An English-born citizen of the world, Bryher (née Winifred Ellerman) has worked with many forms, most successfully perhaps with the historical novel. In her latest book she has told part of her own life story (more of it, she suggests, may be put down later), and has attempted to do something brave and original. This is less an autobiography then the biography of an attitude: that of a woman who came into the world in the time of Queen Victoria and lived through two wars and the revolutions of the spirit that inevitably accompanied them, always seeking the truth that might make her free. She surrendered her heart to Artemis, the huntress, inviting danger, hoping only for the reward of being able to function fully and spontaneously in the realms of art, thought, and human relationships.

The first third of this study is triumphantly successful. No one has ever examined the development of a child with so evident a determination to be candid, searching, and compassionate. There is not one sentimental stroke in the composition of this portrait; yet it becomes one of the most appealing images in all the gallery of little girls.

Bryher's father was an important financier and man of the world who liked to have his wife and child with him when he traveled to France, Italy, Egypt, Algiers. It was an extraordinary education to be exposed in this way to the study of languages, comparative literature, and contemporary civilizations, and Bryher was worthy of it. It gave her independence and insight, the dearest blessings of the private mind. There are luminous passages in these chapters about a child's discovery of time, about the revelation that came to her of the identity of desire in the diversity of creatures whom she encountered in her travels. Quite without self-consciousness, she says that she grew into a tough, cheeky boy, by which she means that she learned to own and operate courage, curiosity, and self-reliance. It may have been too much for a child to possess, and Bryher may have become "spoiled" in a unique way. In later years her psychoanalyst said as much when he told her in comic despair that she was "impossible" because as a child she had "lived in Paradise."

A jagged split in her life occurred when her parents decided that she must have formal schooling. Bryher is bitter, even today, about the place to which she was relegated, an institution whose announced purpose was to turn out

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identical models of conformity. Certainly the experience must have affected her significantly.

Those first fifteen bright years put the half-century that followed in a curious shadow. On the surface they may seem to glitter, those later adventures; Bryher was at various times concerned with the activities of the founders of psychoanalysis, of the revolutionary spirits among poets and novelists, and of the experimenters with art films. She watched as the talents of Joyce and Hemingway were brought to light. She participated in the making of a motion picture in which H. D. and Paul Robeson played important roles. She had an acute appreciation of the distinctive qualities of these people, and her gifts enable her to present vivid images of them. Dorothy Richardson appears appealingly as a shy, withdrawn lady of the suburbs of art, so curiously self-sufficient in her possession of genius that she did not even know—and cared less—how much she had done to revolutionize and rehabilitate the novel. Freud emerges, not in his usual character of austere latter-day prophet, but as a tea-table conversationalist of wit and grace. Norman Douglas erupts here and there, as attractive in his buffooneries as in his distinguished literary gifts and his human generosities. Havelock Ellis is presented touchingly as a gentle universal uncle.

Perhaps the former "tough, cheeky boy" was more at home with the uncles of this world than with other people. Though she admires the candid confessors of literature—particularly Gide—Bryher makes little effort to explain her own latter-day self. Victorian reticences enfold her references to her relationships with father, mother, brother, first and second husbands. When she was a member of Gertrude Stein's circle in Paris, Bryher's impulse was always to escape to the kitchen with Alice B. Toklas. To paraphrase one of the famous sayings of the high priestess herself, Bryher was the woman who sat with the woman who sat with the wives of the geniuses who sat with Gertrude Stein.

Less whimsically, it must be noted that Bryher presents herself here as the eternal wanderer on the periphery of the glittering societies of this century. She leaves the reader to guess why, after that beautiful identification with her world in childhood, she never achieved—or even diligently sought—another close identification of the kind that most artists need. Her curious invitation to indulge in uninformed and perhaps impudent guesswork as to the essential meaning of her experience hardly fulfills the promise of one who says that she has given her heart to Artemis in the search for truth.

Snatched Pearl of the Antilles

"Cuba Betrayed," by Fulgencio Batista *(Vantage Press. 332 pp. $3.95), is an account—and apologia—of the former Cuban dictator's stewardship from 1933 until his flight on New Year's Eve 1959. Fillmore Calhoun, an associate editor of Newsweek, writes on international and hemispheric affairs.*

By FILLMORE CALHOUN

Fulgencio Batista—"exercise in hindsight."

"I IMPLORED God's favor to light the way for the Cubans and to grant them grace of living in peace and harmony. In handing over the government to my successor, I begged the people to be on their best behavior. . . ."

This is Cuba's deposed dictator Fulgencio Batista speaking through the pages of a self-financed book written from exile in Spain. It is an unctuous exercise in hindsight but it has value in setting some parts of the record straight. Plots and counter counterplots are recorded, blow by devious blow. Names are named and "villains" get their just deserts. But this is now done from long distance—not through assassinations or to the cries of pain from the torture chambers of Batista's secret police. These matters he skips over lightly, as he does his deals of convenience in the 1930s with Blas Roca's Communists.

Batista, according to Batista, was an honest man, a dedicated anti-Communist, a true friend of the United States, a brilliant administrator, and a sterling patriot. And some of the claims he makes are actually true. Under his regime some relatively free elections were held, foreign capital was pumped into the Cuban economy, advanced social legislation was introduced, and the all-important sugar cane was harvested and sold. Yet what makes these accomplishments seem unduly glittering today is that they are presented against the black backdrop of the insanities and mismanagement of the man who succeeded him—Fidel Castro.

"A criminal and an aberrant . . . a monster of terror" are some of Batista's milder descriptions of the new dictator, who, he laments, is still called a "demo-

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crat" and a "humanitarian." The truth, Batista says, is that the Castro regime is a "Russo-Chinese Antillean plan [which] operates all over the Caribbean regions, spreads its influence over all of Latin America, seeking dominion of the entire Western world and beyond. . . ."

There are elements of *la verdad* in these claims, too. *Fidelismo* is a power in Latin America, and it uses the techniques that Castro found most useful. "We fought incessantly," Batista says, "as was our duty to save the Republic from great danger, but the racket of the bombs was more effective, and propaganda crushed us."

There is a lesson here for all the Americas, just as there is a lesson to

be learned from Batista's book. It was Batista's neglect of the *campesinos* and his persecution of opposition leaders of stature and ability that were largely responsible for the Cuban tragedy. By refusing to admit this, Batista lays himself open to the same shaft of wit that was directed toward the monarchs who reigned after the French Revolution. Now fifty-six, it can be said of him, too, that he has "forgotten nothing and learned nothing."

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 988

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 988 will be found in the next issue.

CV PHGQYQFG QF C
DKBBPL LAP SKBQKIKF C
APMFKDBN QF BPPOQVR
DPE C LCN GP RKG PMG.
RKPERK T. VCGACV.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 987

Morale is when your hands and feet keep on working when your head says it can't be done.

—ADMIRAL MOREEL.

The Caveman

Continued from page 11

fanatics among them, mesmerized by their atomic gadgets. Regrettably it is their advice that is often heeded. There are also the indifferent ones. Fortunately, there are also the really great ones, who can see both the technical and moral side, and, I am glad to say, the majority of good scientists are leaning toward them.

The government both uses and abuses scientists. It asks us questions about small technical details, but not about the big problems. Man has arrived at the crossroads. The road sign, in one direction, indicates hatred, distrust, misery, catastrophe, self-extinction. In the other, it points toward understanding, collaboration, material help, a higher human existence. The great problem is: which road to take? What we should be asked is this: where does it take us if we double the size of atomic bombs every year and double their quantity every three to four years? What happens if we spread them among all nations and let them multiply within our armies even down to the company level, thus placing the fate of mankind in the hands of sergeants, and gradually increasing the probability of an accident to 100 per cent.

It is not really the scientist himself who is needed, but the principles which have built science. Science tells us to approach our problems as such, as problems; to collect data and then to sit down with our adversaries to find the best solution, with a cool head, unbiased by sentiments like fear or hatred or egotism; and with uncompromising intellectual honesty, good will, and mutual respect. If our politicians could approach our problems in this spirit, instead of having their eye on propaganda, wanting tit for tat, or rather tit for nothing, we might be marching toward a better future.

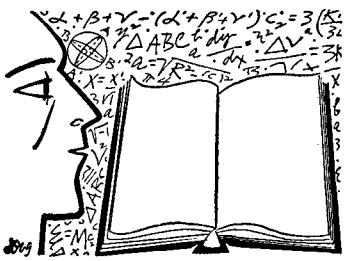
But where is this spirit to be inculcated? Congress? Our Constitution was framed at a time when the country had to be built up, and the citizen's duty was to build up his little corner, and the representative's duty to represent the interest of that corner. Our representatives still represent little corners. They do not notice that the world has shrunk terribly and that the whole globe has become our little corner. Senators and Congressmen do not lead the people; they are led by the people. So ultimately it is a matter of educating people. But education is a slow process, and adults educate children. Thus we are moving in a circle. Politics remains dominated by the primitive ancestral brain, motivated mostly by fear and not doubting that what it sees is the last truth: what it sees as black is black, and what it sees as white is white.

Dr. Szilard, one of the moral as well as scientific leaders of our age, is trying a short cut, a science lobby to advise and inform the House and Senate, a most hopeful approach.

There is perhaps also another approach. If Senators and Congressmen can be influenced only by votes, and care more for a future election than the future generation, then we have to look for a group which cares for the next generation and has votes, too. There is such a group—women, especially mothers. Women have more common sense than men; they have found out that high-energy radiation damages children and refuse to swallow whatever we tell them about "permissible limits." They simply want none of it. I have the keenest hopes about peace groups composed of women.

However, suppose some women should come to me and say: "We believe you. For whom shall we vote? Where is the party which has your thoughts on its flag? Then I would be in trouble. I would have to say: "There is no such party. There is no real difference between our two leading parties. They are both headed for doomsday. Essentially we have but one party with two sets of people, the 'ins' and 'outs,' and our political liberty is limited to choosing between these two."

I do not want to finish on such a negative note Perhaps there is one short cut I could advocate. If we still



have the caveman's mentality and cannot change it, then perhaps we could avoid catastrophe if we but understand one thing. This is that science has abolished distance, and we are all living in one cave now, our little shrunken globe on which there is a place for only one family, the family of man. We may at least gain time by tacking up a note: "Playing with atomic bombs in this cave is strictly forbidden."

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 19, 18, 17, 14, 11, 2, 16, 1, 20, 7, 12, 3, 5, 4, 13, 9, 15, 10, 6, 8.

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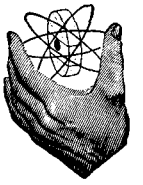
SR / Research

SCIENCE & HUMANITY



DEPARTMENTS: Research in America • Science in Books • Personality Portrait LXXVI • The Research Frontier

ARTICLES: Caution for Rainmakers • Science for Everybody

RESEARCH IN AMERICA

OLD CHINA'S FORGOTTEN GIFT TO PLANETARY EXPLORING

IN these days, when adventurousness seems prized above thoughtfulness, and the heavens are more assaulted than contemplated, it is fitting to look back into the past and try to discern whose genius originally made possible the exploration of earth and neighbor planets, how long ago this happened, and what if any justification it gives now living persons to assert hegemony over the distant sky.

The logical path for such inquiry traverses the history of the magnetic compass.

Without the compass, man's examination of the earth itself would perforce have proceeded by chance, and voyages of thousands of miles over unfamiliar waters would have been too frightening to contemplate, except as desperate lunges to escape disaster. Perhaps even more inhibiting to human curiosity, the moving dials and pointers and self-registering meters for which the compass served as prototype might have been delayed for centuries, the Industrial Revolution could not have occurred until such instruments were perfected, the modern science of rocketry would almost certainly be a phenomenon of the future, and the existence of earth's magnetosphere would not yet be suspected, let alone associated with the American name Van Allen.

Christopher Columbus is commonly believed to have been first to arrive at a true understanding of the compass. Past historians accepted the view that he, in sailing westward over the Atlantic, discovered that the magnetic eedle did not point directly to the geographical north.

The compass had been in use by Mediterranean mariners, however, for several hundreds of years before Columbus put the instrument to the crucial test. The literature on this point is unfortunately vague. So far as historical record is concerned, the instrument appeared in Europe out of nowhere, late in the twelfth century. The directive property of lodestone (magnetite—magnetic iron) was first mentioned by Alexander Neckam in the year 1190 A.D. One of the earliest names for the compass needle was *calamita,* a word which in modern Italian means horseshoe magnet. Some translators suggest that this name derived from the Greek *kalamos* and referred to a sliver of reed on which the needle floated; but the elder Pliny, Roman historian, said *calamita* really meant a tiny amphibian that lived among the reeds—the tadpole.

WHAT possible relationship is there between the tadpole and the needle of the magnetic compass?

The *"Ku Chin Chu,"* a Chinese dictionary written by Tshui Pao and ascribed to the fourth century of the Christian era, includes the following passage:

"Hsia-ma tzu, the tadpole, is also called 'the mysterious needle' (*hsuan chen*), or the 'mysterious fish' (*hsuan yu*), and another name for it is the 'spoon-shaped beastie' (*kho tou*). Its shape is round and it has a long tail."

In English, *"Ku Chin Chu"* means "Commentary on Things Old and New." Although the authenticity of its text has been debated by Oriental scholars, it has been convincingly defended. Anyhow, since the first mention of the magnetic needle in Western writing does not appear until the year 1190 A.D., it is not necessary to rely on the fourth-century dating of *"Ku Chin Chu"* in order to show that the compass originated in China. For there is another manuscript whose genuineness is unquestioned: the *"Chung Hua Ku Chin Chu,"* or "Commentary on Things Old and New in China," written by Ma Kao between the years 923 and 936, which contains a passage almost identical to the one just quoted.

IS there something in the history of China, then, to connect the needle of the magnetic compass with a fish and a spoon?

There is, and it is elegantly documented in the first of three parts of the fourth volume of Joseph Needham's magnificent study, "Science and Civilisation in China." Cambridge University Press will publish it in a handsome volume during this month of July 1962. I am indebted to the author and to the publisher for the privilege of drawing upon Dr. Needham's researches in advance of the appearance of his own report.

The written language of the Chinese people is a silent yet provocative witness for Dr. Needham's thesis. The language is made up of three types of characters: pictograms, ideograms, and phonograms. Most frequent are the phonograms, each of which contains a phonetic and a radical. The phonetic in the phonogram for 'tadpole' is *tou; tou* is also the radical for 'ladle' or 'spoon.' From this it can be inferred that the needle of the magnetic compass might have been related somehow to a spoon before it came to be thought of in the fish-like shape of a tadpole.

A particular spoon, perhaps?

The largest spoon that we know anything about is the Big Dipper in the northern sky, the outer rim of the bowl of which always points to Polaris while the Dipper itself swings in a circle through the night.

How could the ancient Chinese have managed to shrink the Big Dipper to a

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spoon of convenient size for use as a compass pointer?

This is the enchanting tale that Dr. Needham's book recites, and it leaves no doubt that Chinese knowledge of magnetism preceded the knowledge of the Western world by hundreds if not by a thousand years.

In a way, it was natural for this to be so. Mediterranean thinkers, such as Aristotle, were concerned with discovery of the ultimate building block of being. They were endlessly hunting the indivisibly small, trying to understand the processes through which the ultimate particle could acquire complexity and grandeur. They were aware of magnetic attraction for at least six centuries before the Christian era, but they were distressed by it because they couldn't take it apart. It was a force that acted at a distance; its operation could not be traced or analyzed by immediate observation; it made no sense to a mind that considered man the central organism of the cosmos.

THE Chinese held a diametrically opposite view. They sought to understand the infinite, and worked to keep themselves and their dwellings and the embracing countryside and the resting places of their ancestors' bones in harmony with the local manifestations of "the cosmic breath." Man to them was only one of many living things, and, along with all the other living things, had to adjust continually to his environment. The vital element was not a particle but a wave, crossing a continuum of time. Action at a distance was mysterious, but quite in keeping with the presence of a cosmic force. A famous Oriental heretic, Hermogenes, went so far as to say that original creation had occurred under the organizing power of magnetism. Magnetism not only fascinated the Chinese, but occupied them with devising ways and means to use it to enhance their personal happiness.

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At first, it was a form of magic wrought by conjurers for the protection and guidance of kings. Future events were thought to be open to divination with its help. Polished squares of stone, bronze, or wood were fashioned to represent earth and Yin. Over these squares circular plates were fitted to symbolize heaven and Yang. Yin and Yang were in perpetual balance. The secret of life lay in discovering how the balance stood at the time when a choice or an action was required.

The motion of "the cosmic breath" was represented by a throw of symbolic figures onto the surfaces of the divining boards. Where the figures landed in relation to each other and to points marked off on the Yin board decided the wisdom of contemplated changes in imperial policy, exploring expeditions, and wars.

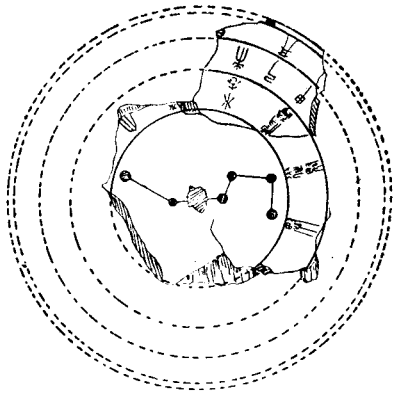
By making some of the figures of lodestone, and daubing a paste of iron filings mixed with chicken blood on the heads of some of the other figures, the set as a whole could be caused to move about automatically, one figure attracting or repelling another depending on the polarity of the magnetic forces thus called into play. What additional shenanigans may have been added by hidden magnets beneath the boards can only be guessed.

"STAR-CHESS," this method of looking into the future came to be called. Dr. Needham believes it was the true beginning of the modern game of chess, which emerged in roughly its present war-game form in India during the seventh century of the Christian era. (In this connection, it is significant that India had been exporting steel to China for two hundred years before that date, and the Chinese then were using amazingly modern methods of drawing steel wire into needles—the filings from which sometimes went into the bloody paste on the heads of the "star-chess" men.) Dice games are also lineal descendants of this ancient Chinese ancestor, as are cards ("sheet dice," Dr. Needham points out) and dominoes.

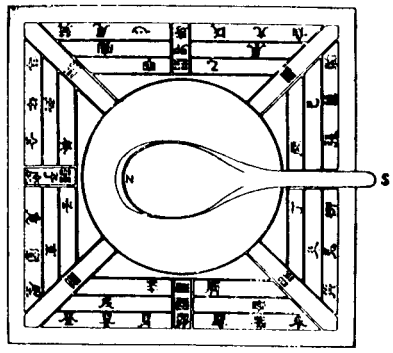
On the earliest heaven-plates of the divining boards, representations of the stars of the Big Dipper were engraved at the center. Since the heaven-plates rested on pivots and could be spun about, the handle of the dipper became a pointer (sketched at right). In time, divination grew more sophisticated and the heaven-plate disappeared, to be supplanted by a spoon so contrived as to turn easily on its bowl (sketched at right). The spoon was either carved from a lodestone block with a north-south orientation or made of glass or ceramic into which lodestone powder could be introduced. Consequently, the handle of the spoon would swing

History Lesson

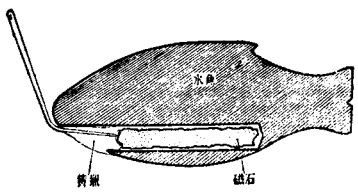
"Star-chess" token



Heaven-plate fragment, dated 69 A.D.



Wang Chen-to's south-pointing spoon



South-pointing fish, carved of wood, needle imbedded in wax (1150 A.D.)

(From the book, by special permission)

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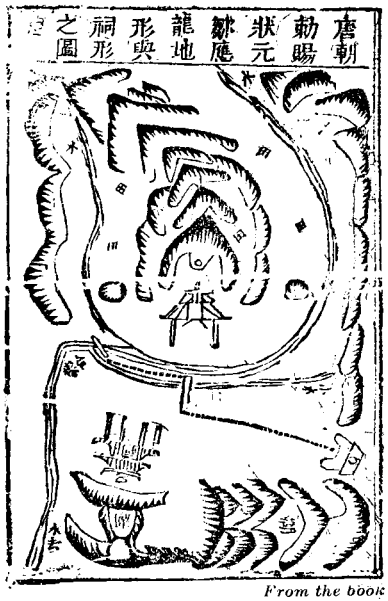
toward the south regardless of its position at the moment it was set down.

No lodestone spoon has yet been found in the tombs of ancient China. But the archeologist Wang Chen-to has recovered spoons constructed of other materials. These spoons are so proportioned as to balance easily on their bowls. Some were made in the year 8 A.D., some in the year 4 A.D. Wang Chen-to used them as models in casting spoons of magnetized iron and of lodestone, which he proved would—when placed on polished bronze or hardwood surfaces—swing their handles automatically to the south.

"The south-pointer" appeared in Chinese literature 1400 years before Neckam mentioned the existence of the directional compass in Europe. Han Fei wrote about the "pointer" during his lifetime, which ended in 233 B.C. In 17 A.D., the Emperor Wang Mang made a great public show of casting a "Ladle of Majesty" two and a half feet long; the day was bitter cold, and many spectators froze to death. Accounts of the capture and assassination of the Emperor in his palace six years later refer to his ceremonial use of what seems to have been a similar spoon in a vain attempt to save his life; so the study of magnetism apparently continued to have magical overtones at that date. A surviving stone relief of the Han period, carved almost a century later—114 A.D.—depicts a court entertainment in which a spoon balanced on its bowl is plainly featured (see Doug Anderson's sketch of a portion of the relief, page 35). Magnetism was still in the hands of the conjurers, at least to a certain extent; but writings of the period suggest that a change was in the making if it had not already taken place.

SOMEWHERE between the years 260 and 420 A.D., Chinese legends hint of a south-pointing ship on the imperial palace lake. It is tempting to suggest that this vessel may have been guided by one of the first compass needles, for "the shining needle in a bewildering sea" began to compete with "the south pointer" as a Chinese literary allusion in the year 145 A.D. By the year 300, references to the needle and the south-pointer were unequivocally linked, and by the fifth century primitive measurements of the strength of magnetic fields were being made by counting the number of needles that could be hung from the surface of a lodestone. The direction-points of the present-day magnetic compass were stabilized by the time of Chhiu Yen-han (713-741), a famous practitioner of geomancy ("the art of adapting the residences of the living and the tombs



From the book

CHINESE GEOMANCER'S CHART (thirteenth century) shapes hills between two river valleys like compass pointers. At tip of correctly oriented ridge is auspicious point (marked by pavilion, center) for outlook from temple (inverted) backed by two lakes.

of the dead so as to cooperate and harmonize with the local currents of the cosmic breath"). Yet 300 years passed before the first distinct statement of the use of a magnetic needle was written into a poem by Wang Chi sometime between 1030 and 1050 A.D. Why the delay?

AN official policy of secrecy, not too different from the present-day American policy on nuclear armaments, might have been partly responsible. If so, the policy must have undergone gradual change. During the century and a half before the magnetic compass came into use by European mariners, a series of major Chinese writings spelled out techniques of compass needle making and employment. The first of these works was *"Wu Ching Tsung Yao,"* a military technology compendium published in 1044. It described a method of magnetizing a fish-shaped iron leaf by heating the iron red-hot and then quenching it suddenly while the fish's nose was pointing south. Modern science confirms that earth's magnetic field bestows a north-south direction-finding property on iron treated in such a way. The *"Meng Chhi Pi Than"* of 1088 explained another method of inducing magnetism (and Dr. Needham pauses at that point in his story to note that the process of induction was new to science; it would ultimately lead to the generation of electricity for power); this method called for rubbing the point of a needle on lodestone. The *"Meng Chhi Pi Than"* explained that the magnetized needle could be floated on water or suspended in still air with a bit of wax at the end of a new silk thread. A caution was expressed: the needle did not point directly south but slightly east of south (this, remember, was 400 years before the famous first voyage of Columbus). Actual use of the needle to guide vessels sailing from the port of Canton in the late eleventh and early twelfth centuries was recorded in *"Phing-Chou Kho Than"* (Phingchow Table-Talk), and again in a report of a diplomatic mission to Korea in the year 1122. By 1125, the needle was being called a compass and was in custody of the mate of whatever ship carried it. Thus guided, the Chinese discovered Africa and sailed as far south in the Pacific as the tenth parallel below the equator. Only Australasia and the Antarctic were unknown to them.

IN THE Middle Ages, however, ocean traffic accounted for a very small fraction of the movements of men and goods. Rivers and canals and land routes carried most travelers and trade. So it came about that Chinese jade-cutters and military expeditions found their way overland through mists and mountains and thickets with the help of the "south-pointer" long before the magnetic compass guided Europeans across the seas.

There was another consequence of discovery of magnetism's direction-finding property by the agrarian people of a huge land mass. That, Dr. Needham says, was "the exceptional beauty of positioning of farm houses, manors, villages and cities throughout the realm of Chinese culture." The supposed dependence of human happiness upon harmony with earth's magnetic field (which today is beginning to find some scientific documentation) "led to a minute appreciation of the topographical features of any locality, the forms of the hills and directions and windings of the streams, the presence of woods and flooded rice fields, the building of pagodas on conspicuous eminences, and the contours of city walls," he explains. The planned balance of high cliffs and rocky masses setting off thickets of bamboo, rounded hills and placid lakes is reflected in the unique charm of Chinese landscape paintings.

Is it possible that the magnetic compass went from China to Europe overland? Dr. Needham has difficulty in accepting such a view. But there is no evidence of oceanic passage. And the Arabian history of magnetism emphasizes "south-pointing," while the Persian and Turkish names for the compass mean "southpointer." Although the European mariners' compass has al-

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ways pointed north, all compasses used by surveyors and astronomers pointed south as late as 1670.

Thus history suggests that an attitude of humility would be the only justifiable attitude for western scientists in approaching exploration on a planetary scale.

✓ ✓ ✓

ONE day before the June 1962 issue of SR/Research was due to reach the homes of readers with its report on the proposed space bomb explosion above Johnston Island, the Pentagon and the Atomic Energy Commission issued a joint press release denying any danger that the space bomb would adversely affect the magnetosphere of the earth. The assurance was attributed to an "assemblage of top United States scientists." Who were they? Only one name was mentioned—that of Dr. James A. Van Allen of Iowa. No mathematical calculation or other theoretical or experimental documentation was offered. Nothing was said about consulting other than American scientists.

✓ ✓ ✓

IF men long ago had studied the mechanics of earth's atmosphere instead of blaming stormy weather on supernatural beings, would the jet-propelled turbine engine have become commonplace ages back? The question rises from the pages of *Proceedings of the National Academy of Sciences*, which suggest that tornadoes can be explained by the turbine principle.

Petroleum vapors pooled in the air would be the turbine fuel. Lightning would be the spark of ignition. The turbine itself would be a funnel-shaped cloud. Feeding on air sucked up from earth's surface, the storm wheels over the countryside in a continuous explosion of power. When the fuel supply is exhausted, the fire in the burner dies, the upward pull of the wind ceases, and the cloud funnel disappears.

The author of this ingenious new theory of the working of nature's most violent exhibition of temperament is Dr. F. W. Went, of the Missouri Botanical Garden in St. Louis, Mo. His idea is a logical extension of his earlier thesis that the petroleum buried in the crust of the planet is being constantly replenished from the atmosphere. The air, in turn, is steadily supplied by hydrocarbon exhalations from the green life growing on earth. As Dr. Went imagines the cycle, the volatile exudate hangs for a while in the form of haze, which causes mountains, home of densest vegetation, to appear to be colored blue.

"All land plants give off larger or smaller quantities of volatile organic substances, mainly terpenes," the St. Louis botanist explains. "In the atmosphere, these are partially oxidized with the energy of sunlight, and the peroxides and ozonides thus formed condense to sub-microscopic molecular aggregates. This particulate material must be of asphaltic or bituminous nature and is returned to earth by rain or snow.

"This cycle of volatile carbon compounds is part of the carbon cycle in nature. It involves close to one per cent of all carbon reduced in photosynthesis and it has to account for the ultimate disappearance of organic carbon from the atmosphere and its reappearance as carbon dioxide."

But there is a discrepancy in this story of a side effect of the sun's keeping us all alive. Dr. Went calculates that the natural process just described manufactures 175 millions of tons of volatile organic stuff per year. At such a rate, the petroleum returned to the earth's crust in the half billion years of land plant life on the planet would total several times the known reserves of oil. What happens to the petroleum vapors that don't get back to earth?

Dr. Went thinks they are burned in the sky. During sunny weather, the burning takes place quietly. The light of day heats each terpene molecule just enough to free a small positive electric charge and float it upward. In this manner is generated what students of the atmosphere call the "fair weather potential." This charge has been measured, and can be seen to jump fourfold soon after dawn *over vegetated areas only*.

When clouds form, the sunlight is cut off and the terpenes exuded by growing flowers, weeds, vegetables, grass and trees become part of the clouds. The vapors darken the clouds, especially graying the edges. Three types of cloud patterns gather energy for days or weeks as a result of local heating and cooling of the air, followed by the more general circulation of that air in response to the earth's rotation. Such clouds make up typhoons, hurricanes, and cyclones, all of which release their energy on a time scale comparable to the build-up: days or weeks. But thunderstorms are different. Thunderstorms gather their energy in an hour or two, and get rid of it in a few minutes.

What accounts for the thunderstorm's unique behavior?

The orthodox explanation is that the clouds are heated rapidly, shot into the higher levels of the atmosphere and cooled, precipitating droplets of rain which in their movements generate the electrical charges released as lightning.

Dr. Went points out that this conventional explanation doesn't hold together. It doesn't explain how the droplets can be separated in such a way as to give the center of the thundercloud a negative charge and the circumference of the cloud a positive charge. Worse still, it leaves unanswered the question: Why is the cloud charged *before* the raindrops start to fall?

Most lightning flashes do not pass between the clouds and the earth. They go from cloud to cloud, or around the edge of one cloud, so that the shape of the cloud stands out clearly. The effect is most clearly discernible from above, as Colonel John Glenn reported after orbiting the earth. Since the clouds are dark, and the darkness is deepest around the edges, Dr. Went assumes that this darkness is due to the petroleum vapors that somehow get caught in ductlike formations. Since lightning travels in spurts, often zig-zagging, he assumes the flashing comes from ignition of the vapors by the positive electrical charge that is always present in the air. It is a typical chemical burning.

To support his theory further, Dr. Went points out that thunderheads form over the oceans as well as over land. But while far out over the water they break up in wind squalls, with no lightning. Because there are no vapor-exuding plants below? Deserts likewise rarely experience thunderstorms. Lightning as a phenomenon decreases in frequency from the equator toward the poles, disappears entirely on the tundra north and south of the tree-line, and, over land areas where it is common, occurs most often in the summer—the growing season of the year.

This brings Dr. Went to the tornado, a special type of electrical storm. In the United States, tornadoes are most frequently seen in the heavily vegetated central and south-east. The funnel is black before it lowers to the ground. That coloring comes from the fuel, if Dr. Went is correct. Lightning flashes inside the funnel at a rate of twenty times per second, giving off an intermittent light and a steady roaring sound. The power is enormously destructive.

The turbine principle of the tornado must be due to the chance combination of available fuel and the continuous spark, Dr. Went argues, because the "dust devils" that swirl up from the locally heated earth lift only dust and leaves; there is no intermediate half-grown tornado that lifts pebbles and defoliates shrubs. Only one disconcerting point remains to be made: If Dr. Went is right about the source of electrical storms, life on earth could not have started with a lightning flash, as many biologists now suppose. Green life must have been here first to provide the petroleum fuel for the original lightning bolt.

JOHN LEAR,
Science Editor

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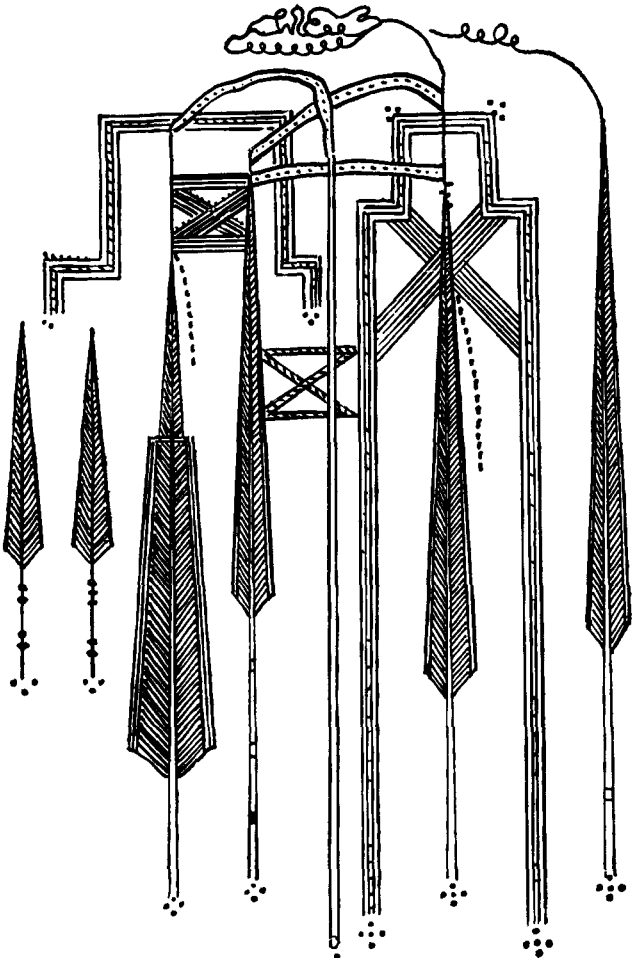
MIDSUMMER SCIENCE

Decoding a Love Letter from the Yukagirian



—From "Voices In Stone."

THE love-letter reproduced above was written with a knife on a strip of bark by a girl of the Yukagirian tribe in northeastern Siberia. The whole of its sad story was told in the one ideograph. First published in 1896, it can be found in "Voices in Stone," a Viking Press book authored by Ernest Doblhofer and now on sale in bookshops at a price of $6 per copy. On the two following pages, *SR*'s Science Editor retraces the coding process ethnologists used in determining the meaning. ► ► ► ►

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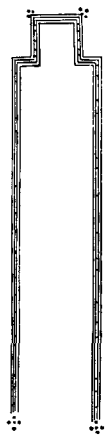
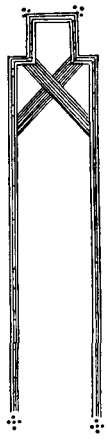
Decoding a love letter—Steps 1 6

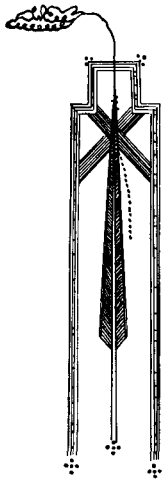
Girls are not supposed to take the initiative . . .



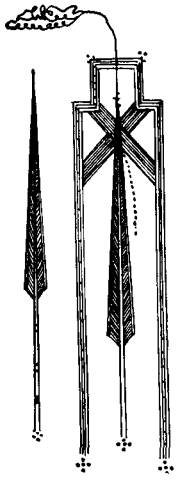
. . . but my house . . .



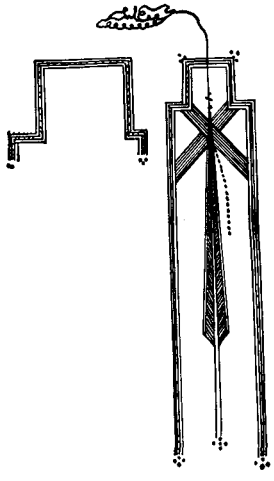
. . . is wrapped in sadness . . .



. . . because I am in love . . .



. . . with you . . .



. . . and because your house already seems empty.

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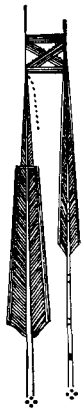
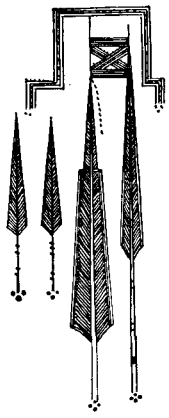
Decoding Steps 7 12

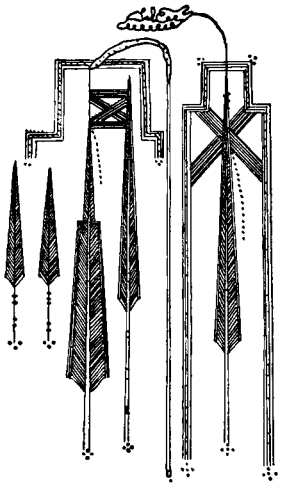
You are going away
with a Russian woman . . .



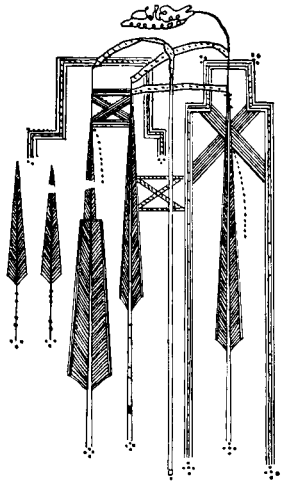
. . . who holds you . . .



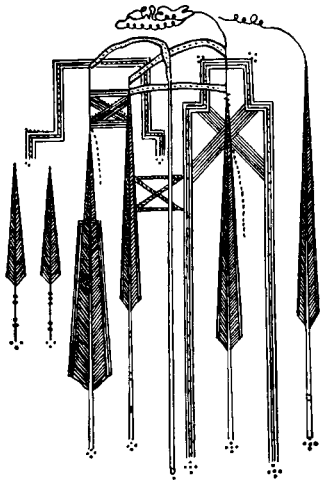
. . . and promises children . . .



. . . she bars you from me . . .

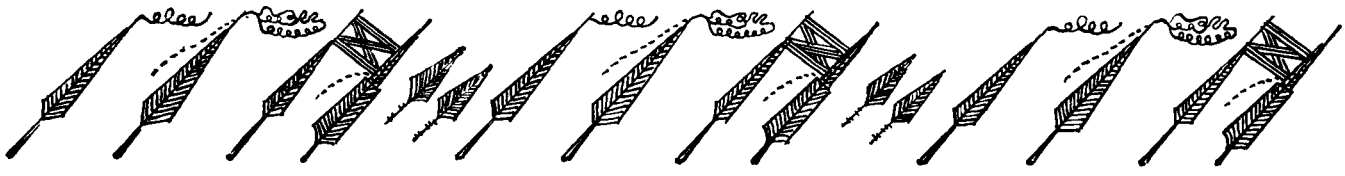


. . . but I still love you . . .



. . . and always will even if another man comes along to love me.

Art work by Doug Anderson



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PERSONALITY PORTRAIT—LXXVI

HE LET THEM CHEW WITH THEIR EYEBROWS

By Remaking Faces, Dr. Varaztad Kazanjian Roused New Hopes

—*Harvard Medical*

WHEN Varaztad H. Kazanjian was presented with the Special Award of the American Society of Plastic and Reconstructive Surgery, he rose to acknowledge the tribute with these words:

> If my mother were here, bless her, she would believe every word of what you have said and would treasure them in her heart. If my wife were here, she would be pleased, but not entirely convinced. If my daughter were here, she would say, "O phew!"

Dr. Kazanjian wastes no time on himself. "Talk about what's happening in plastic and reconstructive surgery today," he pleads. This desire to "get on with things" has brought Dr. Kazanjian a long way.

Born in Turkish Armenia in 1879, Dr. Kazanjian spent his boyhood in a period of Turkish oppression of Armenians, and when he was sixteen, he fled to the United States. "It was a very small ship and I was very sick," he recalls. "I arrived at Ellis Island with nothing but a small suitcase. You didn't even need a passport in those days." Since his only contact was an Armenian in Worcester, he settled there and got a job drawing wire in a wire factory. Although he had been well educated in the French, Turkish and Armenian languages, and in mathematics and sciences in church schools in Armenia, he spoke no English. To master English he attended night school in Worcester and took correspondence courses.

One day, while bicycling with friends, the topic of dentistry came up. The idea of becoming a dentist stuck with Dr. Kazanjian because, as he said, "I always enjoyed working with my hands." In 1902 he passed the entrance examinations to the Harvard Dental School and became a member of the class of 1905. His record won him appointment after graduation as assistant in prosthetic dentistry at Harvard.

Since no hospital facilities existed at the turn of the century for the treatment of maxillofacial [in and neighboring the jawbones] injuries and abnormalities of the face and jaws, patients were sent to the dental clinic. It was here that Dr. Kazanjian became interested in the treatment of fractured jaws and restoration of facial abnormalities. During those early years he treated hundreds of jaw fractures, and was one of the first Americans to discard the clumsy interdental splint and to substitute intermaxillary wiring.

Once when he was asked to make a denture for a sailor who had lost his entire upper jaw in an accident, Dr. Kazanjian took six months to devise an apparatus of rods and wires leading to the upper part of the face. He remembers his pride in this accomplishment but also his embarrassment when Ripley heard about the "invention" and reported: "Believe it or not —Dr. Kazanjian made a man chew with his eyebrows!"

Until World War I, plastic surgery had concerned itself mainly with surface deformities. The outbreak of the war brought new types of maxillofacial injuries, not only flesh injuries but also fractures of the facial bones. In order to aid the British, in 1915 Harvard organized and sent overseas the first Harvard medical unit, intending that unit should remain only three months. Dr. Kazanjian was in charge of its dental service. At Camiers, he founded the first British army center in France, to cope with brutal facial injuries. This new center was soon overwhelmed with maxillofacial cases because, as he says, "nobody knew what to do with them." The main concern up to this time, Dr. Kazanjian recalls, had been the struggle merely to keep these patients alive. He extended treatment to the repair of disfigurement.

At the request of the British War Office the unit remained four years. As word of his operating skill spread, Dr. Kazanjian became a legend in the Allied armies. "The miracle man of the Western Front" was the way one British reporter described him.

Reluctant to let Dr. Kazanjian go, the English made hospital facilities available to him with assistants of his own choosing. The Harvard dental unit of the British Expeditionary Forces in France functioned under Dr. Kazanjian at the request of the British War Office until February, 1919. During that time, more than 3000 cases of gunshot, shrapnel and other severe wounds of the face and jaws passed through his capable hands and his services earned him investiture as Companion of St. Michael and St. George by King George V.

On his return to this country in 1919, Dr. Kazanjian realized he would need further training and a medical degree if he were to continue the surgery he had begun in France. That fall he entered the class of 1921 at Harvard Medical School. His classmates well remember the day two officers from the Royal Army Medical Corps lectured before Dr. Harvey Cushing's surgical clinic. One of the visitors recognized Dr. Kazanjian in the back of the room and dragged the embarrassed student to the floor to introduce him as the man who had taught them the technique they were about to demonstrate.

While still a student at Harvard Medical School, Dr. Kazanjian was Professor of Military Oral Surgery at Harvard Dental School. He was Professor of Clinical Oral Surgery at Harvard from 1922 until 1941, when he became

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Professor of Plastic Surgery. He became Professor, *Emeritus,* in 1947.

For years Dr. Kazanjian also headed clinic for plastic and reconstructive surgery at the Massachusetts Eye and Ear Infirmary, Massachusetts General Hospital and Mount Auburn Hospital.

Reminiscing, Dr. Kazanjian said, "When I was a student, we used to see such things as cleft palates in children and adults. At that time prosthetic appliances were preferable to surgery because surgery wasn't advanced enough."

The major concern of Dr. Kazanjian's career — the recognition of plastic and reconstructive surgery in its own right — is now largely a reality. Looking forward to the future, he mused recently, "Progress in plastic surgery? New methods must always be found to handle old problems, or to handle the new problems which we bring upon ourselves. Who, for instance, would have foreseen psychiatry's important role in plastic surgery?"

Such a quiet and unassuming surgeon is difficult to characterize. The more warranted the eulogy, the less comfortably it rests upon the man. Yet anyone who has met Dr. Kazanjian will feel his quiet old-world naturalness. In the words of his colleague, Dr. Robert Ivy, 'n thirty-two years . . . I have never known him to criticize harshly the work of others."

Dr. Kazanjian is in demand not only as a teacher, but also as a surgeon. He still maintains an active practice, and commutes daily from his Belmont home to Boston hospitals and to his office on Commonwealth Avenue. One of his special joys is the fact that his daughter, Joan K. Hiett, is carrying on the family medical tradition in Altus, Okla.

At the New Hampshire farm near Lake Sunapee where Dr. Kazanjian spends his vacations with his wife, usually surrounded by children and grandchildren, he is known as a robust swimmer and a devoted fisherman, "even when the fish don't bite." He also tramps the woods in search of wildflowers. Anyone who has seen the profusion of delicate wildflowers that he has transplanted around his home will doubt his derogation of himself as a "clumsy gardener."

Anyhow, the word "clumsy" just doesn't fit a man whose reconstructions of living human faces are so deft as to be preserved in a "library" of plaster busts in Harvard Medical School's Warren Museum.

—Evelyn Reber

The foregoing sketch was originally published in The Harvard Medical Alumni Bulletin.

IT NEVER RAINS BUT IT POURS

A Caution About Man-Made Weather

By JOHN C. RUSSELL

A Russian scientist, D. F. Drogaitsev, in a paper entitled "Will the North Get Warmer," published in the *Akademii Nauk SSSR,* June, 1960, raises some important questions concerning the impact of weather modification upon climate. The paper is a comment on the proposed Soviet project of constructing a dam across the Bering Strait and pumping the water from the Arctic Ocean into the Pacific in great volume. The water pumped out would be replaced by an inflow of warm Atlantic water which would melt the ice cone of the Arctic and thus result in a substantial warming of adjacent continents. After consideration of many meteorological factors involved, Drogaitsev arrives at the following conclusions:

The climate of Europe, West Siberia, and Kajakastan would change—the winters would be colder and the summers warmer. Rainfall would decrease and the drought zone of the subtropical deserts would migrate northward from the Gobi and North Africa and Middle Asia. There would be colder winters all along the Asia coastline.

Drogaitsev concludes the paper with a statement of his purpose: "We wanted to show that science is already strong enough, and can consciously analyze the results of human interference in the 'economy' of nature. In appraising any project, especially such a grandiose one, not so much attention should be paid to the technical aspects of its accomplishment as to the concrete economic results. Gaining in one thing we might cause irremediable harm to the nature of our earth."

Meteorologists estimate, on the average, that if all of the water vapor above the United States could be condensed and precipitated at once there would be rainfall roughly equivalent to seven-tenths of an inch. This amounts to approximately 200,000 gallons of water for every man, woman and child in the country. Another way to put it is to say that there is about a ten-day supply of water in the air, 90 per cent of it in invisible vapor. In this way more than six times as much water flows across the continent through the sky as is carried in all of the great rivers over the surface of the land.

Interference with the normal flow of the hidden streams in the atmosphere in an effort to induce great rainfall "upstream" conceivably could result in disastrous changes.

With the advent of attempts to induce rain by seeding clouds with nuclei on which raindrops form, some states have passed statutes requiring the licensing of private commercial rain makers. Model legislation was suggested in 1953 by the drafting committee of state officials of the Council of State Governments. The draft put forward at that time provided for state Weather Control Commissions with power to (1) establish regulations in the public interest, (2) set up procedures and conditions for the granting of licenses to applicants to conduct weather modification operations, (3) approve the areas where the operations would be conducted, and (4) evaluate the operations. Without itself defining weather modification, the model law called attention to definitions given in some previously adopted state statutes. The model has been followed in a number of respects by subsequently enacted legislation. Altogether, nineteen of the fifty states now have weather modification laws: Arizona, California, Colorado, Florida, Hawaii, Idaho, Louisiana, Massachusetts, Nebraska, New Hampshire, Nevada, New Mexico, Oregon, Oklahoma, South Dakota, Utah, Washington, Wisconsin, and Wyoming. Under all these statutes, weather modification is assumed to be undertaken for the purpose of artificially inducing precipitation.

Because of the importance of our water supply, rain making is one of the major purposes of weather modification experiments in America; however, it is only one of a number of objectives. A first cousin of rain making is hail suppression. The farmer in the path of a devastating hail storm knows only too well the damage which can come in a few minutes from one of these storms. It is estimated that losses from hail amounts to $100 million annually. High-powered weather radar show that the

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main difference between hailstorms and more ordinary thunderstorms is the vigor of cloud and thickness of the cloud. Thus it may be presumed that a genuinely effective method of suppressing hail might also reduce needed rain.

Lightning constitutes another problem for weather modification. At least seven in ten of the fires in the forests of the Rocky Mountain states are caused by lightning. A study made by the Northern Rocky Mountain Forest and Range Experiment Station shows that more than 400 fires per million acres each year may occur in zones 7,000 feet above sea level. The annual losses are estimated at more than $25,000,000. Lightning suppression would result in fewer fires and would thus preserve vast areas of trees. The U.S. Forest Service several years ago initiated Project Skyfire to determine whether lightning can be controlled through modification of clouds.

THE effectiveness of all cloud seeding is controversial in spite of ten or fifteen years of experiment. It is always difficult to determine whether and how much rain would have fallen naturally if intervention had not been attempted. Nevertheless, there already has been litigation based on the belief that weather can be manipulated and that rain making might result in benefits to a given group at the expense of others.

For example, the 1950 cloud-seeding activities of the city of New York, directed toward replenishing water in the Catskill Mountain Reservoir, resulted in lawsuits. A resort owner endeavored to enjoin the city permanently from continuing attempts to induce precipitation. He claimed that as a result of the cloud seeding, rain fell in such quantities as to injure his business severely. The court decided that it "must balance the conflicting interests between a remote possibility of inconvenience to the plaintiff's resort and its guests with the problem of maintaining and supplying the . . . ten million inhabitants . . . of the city of New York and surrounding areas . . . with an adequate supply of pure and wholesome water."

In more recent years, a group of farmers in west Texas employed a cloud seeder to lessen the precipitation of hail which had been causing damage to their crops. Ranchers in the area brought suit to enjoin cloud seeding, claiming that these operations were taking potential rain from them. The court granted the injunction on the ground that a landowner has a natural right to moisture in the clouds.

Today's weather forecasting is, by its very nature, passive. When the meteorologist forecasts rain or snow, fair or foul weather for a given period of time, that's the end of it. The individual decides his own answer to the question: "Shall I take an umbrella to work?"

BUT if weather modification becomes a reality, will this situation remain the same?

Suppose that a group of ranchers needed rainfall on range land and that a private rain-making concern was employed for this purpose. Close by were farms with irrigated crops and fruit orchards. Some of the rain falls on fruit which is ripening and ruins it for the market.

This sort of example can be repeated many times.

Small scale modification of weather can conceivably lead to larger scale results. For example, efforts are underway to find ways and means to modify, control, or "steer" hurricanes.

One can suppose that, if a vote were to be taken among the inhabitants of the Mexican gulf coast and the eastern seaboard of the United States on the question "Are you in favor of human control or modification of hurricanes?" there would be almost unanimous accord. But the rains coming from tropical storms and hurricanes are frequently quite beneficial. In 1956, 1957, 1959, and 1960, tropical cyclones broke prolonged dry periods in a number of areas. In 1960 tropical storm Brenda ended a prolonged dry spell in Virginia, Maryland, and Delaware. Hurricane Ethel brought welcome rainfall to Alabama, Mississippi, Tennessee, and Kentucky.

Let us suppose that some technique had been available to "steer" or modify hurricanes. What would the decision makers have done in connection with those two hurricanes?

Little if any real thinking has been done on this phase of the subject.

It is generally agreed that far better understanding of cloud physics will be necessary before any real success with weather modification can be assured; and it may be that the colossal energies of weather processes will delay the advent of genuine weather control until man has far greater sources of power.

The council of the American Meteorological Society has reviewed annually since 1957 a lengthy statement it then issued on the scientific aspects of weather modification. No significant change has been made in the council's original conclusion that "all cloud seeding operations should be considered as experiments, since the techniques are still under development and there is no sound basis for the quantitative estimation of the results in advance of the operation. As experiments, they should be designed primarily to yield optimum scientific results. There is good reason to believe that improved returns from cloud seeding will result from a sound experimental approach, and this should be fostered by all concerned. . . . But present knowledge of atmospheric processes offers no real basis for the belief that the weather or climate of a large portion of the country can be significantly modified by cloud seeding. It is not intended to rule out the possibility of large-scale modifications of the weather at some future time, but it is believed that, if possible at all, this will require methods that alter the large-scale atmospheric circulations, possibly through changes in the radiation balance." Recently published scientific reports provide no substantive evidence to the contrary. These reports include data on randomized cloud-seeding experiments of convective clouds over mountain ranges of southeastern Arizona during a period of four summers (1957 through 1960). The Institute of Atmospheric Physics of the University of Arizona, which conducted the tests and made a statistical comparison of seeded and not-seeded days, found no differences in actual rainfall.

However, it seems clear that if and when successful weather modification is developed, a great change of emphasis in decision making will result. Problems will be generated for political scientists to endeavor to solve. Finally, the public through the political process will have to arrive at vital judgments.

Some illustrative questions can be listed: Should decisions on when to modify weather be placed in the Federal government? Should criteria be established to guide the decision makers in arriving at their decisions? Since there will be both economic benefits to some and losses to others, should indemnities be paid to those who claim injury? ....

WEATHER is a truly supranational aspect of life on planet earth. This being the case, should an international agency be involved in decision making concerned with weather modification?

In absence of some kind of international control, it might be possible for one country to convert water vapor into rain in such quantities as to turn other countries into deserts. The potentialities could hold greater terrors than the nuclear bomb. But enormous benefits would also accrue if weather modification were used intelligently.

Until answers are found to these and other questions, it may be that Drogaitsev is correct when he says, "Gaining in one thing we might cause irremediable harm to the nature of our earth."

John C. Russell is a political scientist and an advisor to U. S. Weather Bureau chief Francis W. Reichelderfer.

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SCIENCE FOR EVERYBODY

It's Imperative, and Quite Possible; Here's a Plan

By WARREN WEAVER

TO BE an understanding and helpful parent, to be an effective member of present-day society, to live a rich and satisfying and expanding life—is it necessary for these purposes that one know anything about science? If so, then what sort of exposure to science, in the undergraduate days of college, will serve these purposes?

It's no use trying to solve this problem in a vacuum. One must, in the language of mathematics, find a solution consistent with the constraints. As one obvious constraint, the students have to spend time on a lot of other subjects, many of which I would myself fight for just as vigorously as I would fight for science.

We must not worry over the fact that it is necessary to leave out block after block of good science. It is completely impossible, as well as completely unnecessary, to include all the topics of physics that seem important to a physicist, all the topics of chemistry that seem important to a chemist, etc. The purpose here is not to stuff a goose.

As a matter of first importance, I think that the courses should make clear the essential nature of this enterprise called "science," should illustrate and show how science really proceeds. I can indicate what I am thinking if I merely recite a list of words and phrases and state that a college student, before he or she graduates, ought to have reasonably concrete ideas about the associations and the operational meanings of these words and phrases as used in science:

> Observation, experiment, measurement, error, hypothesis, nature of evidence, test, rejection, modification, delimiting problems, formulating questions, definition, accuracy of language, role of observer, statistical planning and interpretation, determinism, probability, prediction, control, understanding, limitations, new questions, unanswered questions, residual mystery—all of this surrounded by a minimum of professional piety about objectivity, permanence, unlimited power, and perfection.

I think the courses should emphasize the present-day interrelatedness of the various fields of science, and in particular should recognize the collapse of any basic distinction between chemistry and physics, and the crumbling distinction between the physical sciences and the biological sciences.

I would hope that the courses could in some way convey the fact that the highest purpose of mathematics is not to solve triangles. On the contrary, it should be made clear that the value of mathematics lies in its power to deal with form, relation, and magnitude; and to do this with such austere generality that its results are of great inherent beauty and of critical usefulness to all the rest of science.

It seems to me absolutely essential that the students do something more than listen to lectures, look at demonstration experiments, study a textbook, and recite a lesson. All these things are good, but they are not enough. In addition, the students simply must *do something on their own*, with their own minds and with their own hands.

They must have a "scientific experience," even if it is so simple as swinging a bunch of keys hanging on a string and timing this pendulum with their pulse.

They must look through a telescope, and look into a microscope.

They must cause and observe a chemical reaction.

They must watch a crystal grow.

They must see a beating heart.

They should be given a chance to realize the symbiotic relationship between instrumentation and theoretical knowledge, to appreciate how advances in one make possible and stimulate advances in the other. In these days of very large costs for experimental equipment, costs that are necessarily being met by tax dollars, the intelligent citizen ought to understand why it may be desirable to spend millions for a linear accelerator or a space telescope.

The students must learn how to dig up, by and for themselves, useful and interesting information about scientific subjects out of the world of books and magazines. Just because they can get

—*Harold Costain.*

Warren Weaver

"AN EFFECTIVE CITIZEN MUST FACE *the fact that a large number of the most serious and the most costly decisions of local, state, and national government simply cannot be sensibly made unless a person has some basis for understanding the scientific aspects—which are often dominant and inescapable —of the problems up for decision."*

So Dr. Warren Weaver declares his reason for believing that everybody must be literate in science. To illustrate, he lists the problems in defense, nuclear energy, medical research, foreign aid; the pollution of air, water, soil and growing plants; the relationship between smoking and lung cancer; the relative value of numerous annual national drives for funds for research on this or that disease; radioactive fall out; the population explosion and the world's capacity to produce food; "the conquest of space;" and questions of racial equality.

Dr. Weaver began his career as an engineer, did his advance study in mathematics, and then turned to biology. But he exerted his greatest influence during a quarter of a century as a vice-president of the Rockefeller Foundation. More recently, he has occupied a similar post with the Alfred P. Sloan Foundation. His message in the adjoining columns was excerpted from a symposium talk he gave at the new Oakland College of Michigan State University. Mrs. Alfred Dodge Wilson's gift of her 1400-acre farm as a campus site put MSUO in the rare position of starting from scratch with up-to-date ideas. The National Science Foundation financed the symposium in hope of inspiring curriculum changes in liberal arts schools throughout America.

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only a small start in learning about science while undergraduate students, two of the most important aims of the courses they take should be first, to help them *want* to learn more, and second, to show them how they *can* keep on learning more.

They must be led to understand the difference between science and technology. They must also learn that many scientists are primarily motivated by curiosity, a desire to know about nature, a drive to add to knowledge, while others are influenced by a desire to apply scientific knowledge to all sorts of practical problems. These two attitudes are both good, are often heavily overlapping, are always closely and usefully interrelated.

I would advocate a minimum of two courses. The first would extend for two semesters, and the second, which would be of a quite different character, for only one.

The one-year course would be of the "general science" variety. It would be roughly divided into four parts, devoted to the following topics: *the universe, man, the cell, the molecule.* Ideally this course would consist of two weekly lectures (presumably by different persons and with demonstrations, movies, etc.), plus one weekly "quiz section," plus a two-hour "laboratory experience" which might be partly in an actual laboratory, partly in the library, partly out-of-doors. I would myself prefer to have this course occur in the sophomore year. The students would then be a little more mature than as freshmen, and a little better adjusted to college procedures: but it would still be in time, if any of the non-science majors were converted by the experience of this course.

Following the one-year course, I think the students should, as a minimum, have a one-semester course in a laboratory science (one lecture, two quiz sections, and laboratory each week). This second course should be much closer, in my judgment, to a "classical" or "orthodox" science course, serious and solid. It could be in physics, chemistry, biology—perhaps—geology.

It is in my judgment essential that the two courses be of distinctly different character. Science is not responsibly represented just by talking about it rather loosely and broadly, picking out a plum here and a plum there, as one is bound to do in the general course. The non-scientist major ought to have *some* reasonably broad view of what the whole of science is. So my suggested remedy is to require the one additional semester, characterized by reasonably stern scientific discipline.

But clearly these courses should not be a preparation for final examinations, but a preparation for life.

RESEARCH FRONTIER

—*Cornell*

Dr. Philip Morrison

WHERE IS SCIENCE TAKING US?

Everywhere at rising speed, making us increasingly dependent on computers and unfortunately removing us from the wonder of prolonged waiting and watching. The single event from which man probably could learn the most at the present stage of his history has not been prepared for because no one can tell whether it will occur this year, this decade, or even this century. The event is the appearance of a star bright enough to be seen by day.

Only three such supernovae have occurred in the Milky Way during the last 900 years: one in 1054, one in 1572, one in 1604. Fragments of the earliest are in the Crab nebula. A supernova in one second burns with a glare equivalent to sixty years of sunlight. A star is exploding, obviously. What kind of explosion is it? There are two theories. One says the star in question has run out of gas, lost control of its heating mechanism as a consequence, and blown off pressure at the surface. The other theory says the entire star is disintegrating.

How are we to learn the truth? Earlier this year the American Institute of Physics held a seminar on radio astronomy for the enlightenment of science writers. At that time Professor Philip Morrison, of Cornell University, voiced the plea reproduced below.

By PHILIP MORRISON
Cornell University

I HAVE a very hard problem which I would like desperately to get people to work on. It's not a question of lack of money. I could get the money. I don't know how to get the people.

I'd like to have experimenters set up telescopes and other observational apparatus to record gamma rays, neutrinos, light, ultraviolet, radio—every type of radiation that might be supposed to emanate from a supernova.

A supernova occurs once every couple of hundred years in our galaxy.

Nobody will do this experiment because it means devising and building a lot of equipment and superintending it and maintaining it and arranging it and making sure it works every day all day twenty-four hours a day. It means establishing two or three observational centers in such locations on the planet as to keep the whole sky under constant surveillance. It means watching for something that may not happen this year, or next year, or in the next ten or twenty or fifty or even a hundred years.

Who will do it? I don't know.

We have no mechanism in our society today for doing this kind of thing, unless a number of us at a number of institutions are willing to say, "Well, all right, we'll support our Physics Department to do this with a dollar, and the Physics Department will spend ten cents, or one-tenth of the man-years available to it, in looking for a supernova; the other ninety cents of our dollar the Physics Department gets to spend on something else."

It could be done that way, but it would be quite hard to organize.

Of course, were a supernova to appear tomorrow, all those who cannot now find the time to help organize a watch for a supernova would kick themselves. A supernova is a bright star that anyone can see by day. People who ordinarily are not interested in stars would see it and be frightened by it. "What is it?" they would ask the astronomers. "Why is it so bright? Tell us what you see."

"My God!" scientists would say. "If we only had that apparatus working."

Then they would try to improvise some system of observation in three days. By the time they were ready to make the observations, the best part of the show would be over.

The first half hour of a supernova would give us the most interesting kind of astronomical signal we have ever received.

Nobody is ready to receive it.

Whether we will ever see the beginning of a supernova, I don't know; but I know an attempt to see one would be an extremely valuable and important kind of scientific investigation.

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Artists

Continued from page 10

valuable ideas and useful means of aling with new situations. Another principle is that the censor's task should not be performed in secret or by a private organization; every book or picture accused of moral derelictions should have its day in court. A third principle is that censorship, when it proves necessary, may be applied to works, but not to persons. That is, an author should never be placed on a blacklist for his opinions, or his past transgressions, and should never be forbidden to publish or display any work whatever.

An egregious violation of all these principles has been the famous Hollywood blacklist, now somewhat relaxed, but still in partial effect. When the cold war began to rage in the studios, anyone suspected of being or having been a radical was, in effect, forbidden to write, direct, or act in motion pictures. It was censorship in advance, it was censorship of persons, and it was enforced on the basis of secret trials or mere accusations.

The first result of this blacklist was that Hollywood lost a considerable number of its more vigorous writers and directors. That wasn't the only reason y Hollywood produced almost nothing but trivial films during the next few years; perhaps it wasn't a principal reason; but undoubtedly it had something to do with the decline in popularity of American films as compared with those made abroad, usually in a freer atmosphere.

In many ways, however, I am not sorry to watch the continuing battle between artists and censors, and I sometimes suspect that there may be something fruitful to both sides in this never-to-be-ended conflict between two irreconcilable positions. On the one hand, the artists are defending originality, freedom, and each man's antinomian instinct about what is true and right. They are, in a sense, defending social change, or the possibility of change, since we look to our artists for new perceptions and the first expression of new values.

On the other hand, the censors are defending older values and established institutions against what they regard as the threat of moral chaos. Institutions have a right to defend themselves, and the older values may be the true ones. All we can hope is that the battle conducted according to rules, that the artists have a chance to be heard, and that their personal visions, for which they groped instinctively in the depths of their minds, will be exposed to logic and the light of day.

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(Continued from page 47)

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BOOT AND RACQUET RANCH, Elgin, Arizona. Superb tennis, great riding. Mile high elevation makes perfect summer-fall resort climate. Excellent facilities. Brochure.

DETERMINEDLY old-fashioned. You'll probably like it. We do. American Plan. Folder. The Holmeses, Albonegon Inn, Capitol Island, Maine.

READY TO RELAX and enjoy Summer on eastern shore of Chesapeake Bay? Land of pleasant living, 150 acre farm on water, family style meals. American plan $45.00-$52.00, $8.00-$10.00. Real estate available. Harpers, The Pasadena, Royal Oak, Maryland.

IF VACATIONING IS TO MEAN refreshment of body and mind, it seems logical to seek freedom from the cliched patterns of everyday living, freedom from traffic (all cars stay on the mainland), television (everything you see here is in full color on the widest screen known) and tension (pressures stay on the mainland, too) and seek freedom to walk among the pines, along the shore and under the stars. The Island Inn, Box U, Monhegan Island, Maine. Recommended in Duncan Hines' Vacation Guide.

LITERATE VACATION FUN—in Unique Sarasota. 17th and 18th Century Comedy Festival, July 13th through August 30th in enchanting Asolo Theatre on grounds Ringling Museum of Art. Congreve, Moliere, Paisiello, Pergolesi, and Commedia dell'Arte. 3rd Season! Plus fabulous beaches, fishing, golf. Relaxed atmosphere, intellectual stimulation. Low summer rates. All in the Sarasota County Vacation Area: Sarasota, Venice, Englewood, and their beautiful Keys. Write Sarasota County Chamber of Commerce, P.O. Box 308R, Sarasota, Florida, for Festival schedule and information.

STEPHANIE AND PHILIP BARBER invite you to vacation luxuriously, calmly, actively, lazily, musically, flexibly at WHEATLEIGH in Lenox, Massachusetts, where a countess once dwelled. Do write—we'll send the Wheatleigh, the jazz, the folk, the Tanglewood folders, yes.

ROAD'S END, Lake Pleasant, Hamilton County, N.Y. Secluded and beautiful, directly on lake. Nature lover's paradise. Open until late autumn. Reasonable. Modern conveniences. Write for booklet.

(Continued on page 50)

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VACATIONS

(Continued from page 49)

THE SEASIDE, on unspoiled Longboat Key, Florida. New, year 'round family resort on private Gulf beach. Folder, rates upon request.

GREAT PLAY. There's a fun-filled part for you on our sandy stage, with the sea and the sun as backdrop. Care to audition? Chalfonte-Haddon Hall on the Boardwalk, Atlantic City, N.J. If you live within 400 miles of our hotel, call 609-344-5131 collect for reservations.

LA ORILLA, Islamorada, Florida Keys. Villas for lazy living. Quiet, tropical Paradise. Day-Week-Month.

SUMMER on nearby farms and hotels for families. Call LOrraine 8-0700 NYC.

HOW CAN YOU TELL what it's really like at Deer Hill Inn, Chester, Vermont, without actually having been there? Ask.

PISGAH FOREST INN. High, cool, log fires, friendly hosts. Trails in Natural Wilderness. Phone Asheville 253-0771. Box SR433, Candler, North Carolina.

LONG VIEW LODGE, Long Lake, N.Y. Modern hotel and cottages, high Adirondacks. Boating, fishing, private sand beach. Informal. Home style meals. Moderate rates. Booklet S. NYC phone: Wisconsin 7-2611.

KANDAHAR LODGE, MANCHESTER, VERMONT. Delightful vacationland in a secluded setting of rare, natural beauty. 2,150' high in the Green Mountain National Forest. Restful, informal, sports. Heated swimming pool. Private pond, sandy beach. Excellent food, accommodations and genuine hospitality. Brochure. *Sue & Alex Zoesch invite you.*

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford. 635 Sutter Street.

THE IMPROBABLE INN for artists (and compatible personnel) 21-40 years. Lodging, studios, one-world cuisine. $50 weekly. Bay Street Studio, Boothbay Harbor, Maine. Brochure!

LIKE THE COUNTRY? Come to Graymont, seven miles from Middlebury College. Write for brochure. R.D. 2, Middlebury, Vermont.

HOTEL PLAYA MAZATLAN, directly on beautiful beach, tropical setting. Excellent international cuisine, best in Mexico. $15.20 double occupancy, American Plan, summer rate. Newly decorated. Elevator. Mazatlan, Sinaloa, Mexico.

YOUR KIND OF PLACE? They say we are unique for Tanglewood area. Maine-like rustic Lodge, cottages, private cabins. Deep woods, glorious lake, 50 literate people, house party atmosphere, outdoor Hi-Fi, square dancing, unorganized sports, more. Not really a resort, but a "way of life" kind of thing. Probably your cup of tea. Straightforward folder. Chanterwood, "Berkshire Hideaway," Lee, Massachusetts.

WINDY HILL, R.D. Box 160. Walden, New York. Informal, friendly. Music, books, sports, natural lake. Telephone Newburgh: 562-1232.

PICTURE-BOOK VILLAGE off beaten path. Relaxing historic Inn. Small-town events. Pool, 5 acres grounds, brook. Folder. The Tavern, Grafton, Vermont.

KINAPIC LODGE. Lake Kezar, Lovell, Maine, Warwick 5-2248. American Jewish Cuisine. Cottages, private bath. Golf, Tennis, Beach, Skiing. Couples, Families, $88+ weekly.

FORTYISH OR MORE? Exquisite loafing in beautiful Pocono Mountains. Private lake, swimming pool, varied activities, wonderful cuisine. 72nd season. Color brochure S. The Woodside, Cresco, Pennsylvania.

SITTERS AND SUNNERS, hikers, readers and writers: luxuriate in the tranquillity of our breezy, sunny *hilltop terrace, our shaded lanes, the simple beauty* and the peace, sweet peace, of Southern Vermont's finest country inn. Only 4½ hours from New York. 15 minutes from Marlboro Music Festival, 10 from lovely, unspoiled lakes. Spacious rooms and lounges, fine food, American Plan rates from $55 weekly. The North Wind, Wilmington, Vermont.

VACATIONS

WINHALL MOUNTAIN LODGE, an oasis of peace and beauty in the lofty Green Mountains. Elevation 2,100 feet. Charming Alpine chalet. Panoramic view. Delightfully informal atmosphere. Superb continental cuisine. Adults only. Swimming, sports. Brochure. Manchester, Vermont.

FISHING VILLAGE: 18th century house, restaurant, private beach, 6 guest rooms. Like Brittany, but nearer. Gaspe Peninsula. Accessible by train, car, private plane. Until September 20th. L'Auberge Au Pirate, Perce, Province de Quebec.

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COLONIAL CHARM midst wooded Litchfield Hills. Trout stream. Casual, intimate; luscious food. Swimming pool—horses, golf, lake nearby. Country auctions, summer theatre. Lewis & Mary Fisher, Bantam, Connecticut.

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TRAVEL

MEXICO. Write today for free official information letter and illustrated folders. MEXICAN GOVERNMENT TOURISM DEPARTMENT, Paseo Reforma 35, Mexico City, D.F.

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ANTIGUA . . . Nelson's Old Naval Dockyard. THE ADMIRAL'S INN—small, friendly—Old world atmosphere in unspoiled setting—Temperate summer climate, spectacular scenery—Boating center of the Caribbean. Handsome 200-year-old brick building, modern comforts. Low summer rates. Cable or airmail Box 103, Antigua, W.I.

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A SUMMER WEEKEND IN NEW YORK AT BEEKMAN TOWER HOTEL is the greatest! New, special package-rates for two- and three-day visits are available. Write or call for information. If you're driving, ask for the road map showing how to avoid city traffic. You'll be near everything—steps from the United Nations, theatres, shops, museums and art galleries. Two excellent restaurants serve delicious food at moderate prices. The fascinating Top o' the Tower Cocktail Lounge offers magnificent views of the East River and the city as well as expertly prepared refreshments. Don't miss the fun! BEEKMAN TOWER HOTEL, 49th Street and 1st Avenue, New York 17, 212-ELdorado 5-7300.

CONTEMPORARY ART AROUND THE WORLD with Jeanne Paris. Small group of art lovers will depart September 29th for Japan, Hong Kong, Thailand, India, Nepal and Israel. 36 days—all inclusive price only $2,490. Tour offers opportunity of a lifetime to acquire contemporary and antique art in the Orient and Far East at fabulous savings. Write to Jeanne Paris, 51 Robinson Avenue, Glen Cove, N.Y. for details.

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DREAM CRUISE. Fully equipped 50' ketch departing Scandinavia October for Southern Europe, Bahamas, Virgin Islands, West Indies for 4 month cruise. Young American couple owning ship wants 3 couples as paying guests. $4,000 per couple. For details, description, pictures reply to: DREAM CRUISE, Box 65, Lidingo 1, Sweden.

THE TRAPPINGS ARE NEW but the rates are traditional at the Tudor Hotel in New York City. Comfortable accommodations, including private bath, from $30 weekly. Convenient to all transportation, restaurants, churches, shops, art, theatres, etc. Located in fashionable Tudor City, adjacent to United Nations. Write Mr. Earl R. Powers, Manager, Tudor Hotel, 304 East 42nd Street or phone 212-YUkon 6-8800.

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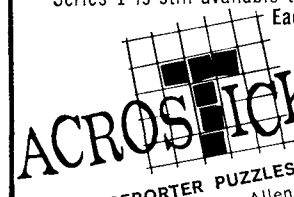

THE REPORTER PUZZLES, Series 2
by Henry Allen
VIKING

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1475

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Famous monument in New York, subject of Groucho Marks' frequently used give-away quiz question (2 wds.).	102 162 107 19 25 12 143 68 48 38
B. Probably most famous woman anarchist in U.S. (1869-1940; full name).	171 126 128 59 138 29 79 115 154 5 86
C. Less than a suggested distance away (3 wds.).	114 100 84 28 4 117 105 80 8 35
D. Australian delegate to UN, from 1946.	49 170 121 104 31
E. Bat.	160 169 92 42 98 89 152 76 65 37 61 133
F. Equivalent to "with the compliments of this management" (3 wds.).	51 123 70 26 96 99 135 85 3 149
G. Crisp battercakes nowadays often cooked at the table.	116 139 81 30 39 155 124
H. Condition of having straight hair.	90 140 66 167 161 9 97 2 46 74 159
I. Come out finally; result.	78 17 157 130 136 60 87 163 72
. Forced (anything) down or into the proper place for it (2 wds.; familiar phrase but not specially listed in WNI).	83 110 1 73 129 22 103 36 53 62

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
K. Title belonging to Ana, Fe, Rosa, Claus, and others.	7 119 141 108 44
L. Imaginary African potentate who married most dramatically one Penelophon (2 wds.; Percy's *Reliques; Love's Labour's* Lost; Tennyson's "The Beggar Maid").	112 75 16 120 58 47 6 71 33 88 101 52
M. Headgear, usually a sort of cap, worn when boating (2 wds.)	144 131 20 164 50 142 23 54 93 77 148 11 34
N. Second of Wordsworth's beauties of Nature as he mentions it in the "Ode on Immortality" (4 wds.).	158 15 95 40 10 91 122 118 67 32 127 132 145 63 168
O. During a specific interval (3 wds.).	18 134 147 106 94 64 57 151 55 45 113 166 24
P. Little birds which creep over the trunk and branches of trees.	111 146 13 43 27 125 14 56 153 172
Q. "You find it hard? I don't: It's — — —" bragged the expert (3 wds.).	165 137 41 150 69 82 156 109 21

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic ·ture and the relative bes of words in the gram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

					1 J	2 H	3 F	4 C	5 B	6 L	7 K		8 C	9 H		10 N
11 M	12 A	13 P		14 P	15 N	16 L	17 I	18 O	19 A	20 M	21 Q	22 J		23 M	24 O	
25 A	26 F	27 P	28 C		29 B	30 G		31 D	32 N	33 L		34 M	35 C	36 J	37 E	38 A
39 G	40 N	41 Q		42 E	43 P	44 K	45 O		46 H	47 L	48 A	49 D		50 M	51 F	
52 L		53 J	54 M	55 O		56 P	57 O		58 L	59 B	60 I	61 E	62 J	63 N		64 O
65 E	66 H	67 N		68 A	69 Q		70 F	71 L	72 I	73 J		74 H	75 L	76 E	77 M	78 I
79 B	80 C		81 G	82 Q	83 J	84 C	85 F	86 B	87 I	88 L	89 E	90 H	91 N		92 E	
93 M	94 O	95 N	96 F	97 H		98 E	99 F	100 C	101 L	102 A	103 J	104 D		105 C	106 O	107 A
108 K		109 Q	110 J	111 P	112 L	113 O	114 C	115 B		116 G	117 C	118 N		119 K	120 L	121 D
122 N	123 F	124 G	125 P		126 B	127 N		128 B	129 J	130 I		131 M	132 N	133 E		134 O
135 F	136 I		137 Q	138 B	139 G	140 H	141 K	142 M	143 A		144 M	145 N	146 P		147 O	148 M
149 F	150 Q		151 O	152 E	153 P		154 B	155 G	156 Q	157 I	158 N	159 H		160 E	161 H	162 A
	163 I	164 M	165 Q	166 O	167 H	168 N	169 E	170 D	171 B	172 P						

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 7 of this issue.

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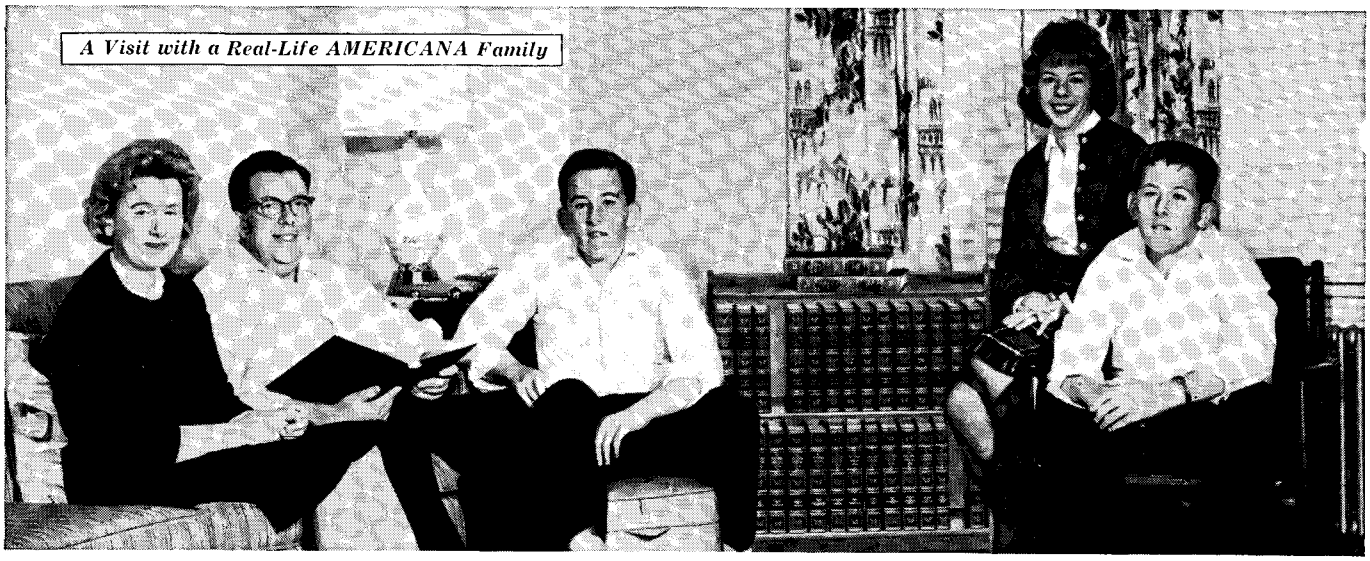

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Mr. Robert Campbell is a Boston bookseller, and an avid student of the Civil War. Because of his professional knowledge of reference materials, his choice of an encyclopedia for his own family was bound to be a judicious one. Three years ago, he decided on THE AMERICANA—and his family has been using it constantly ever since.

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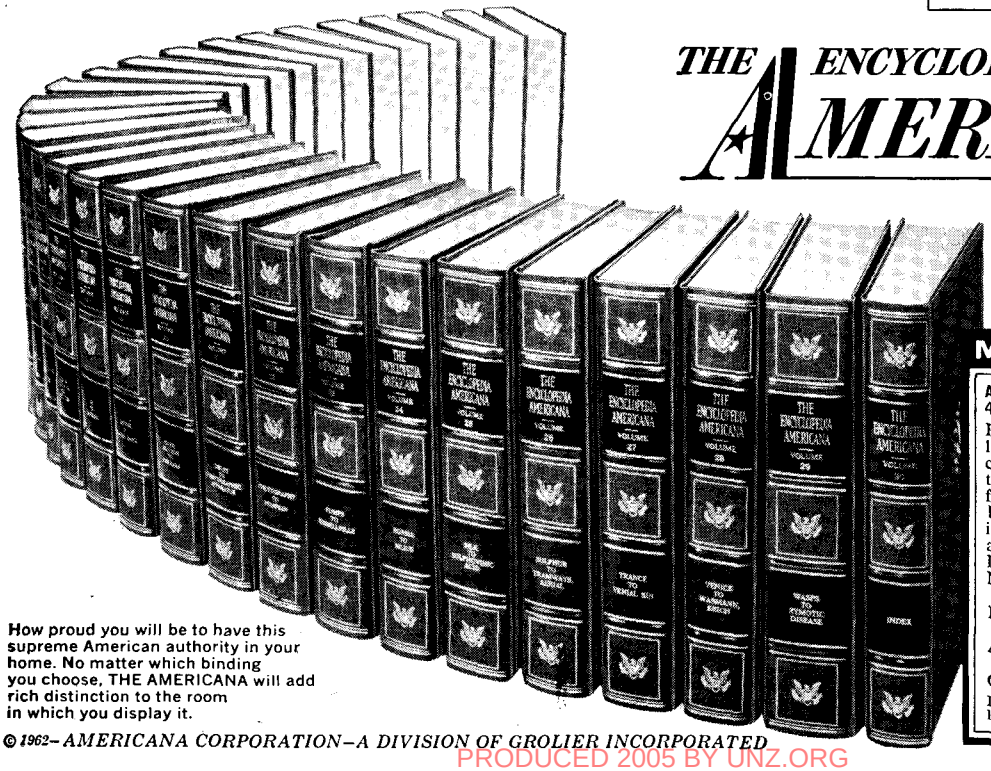

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